Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Foundations of Prosperity

An Interview by Samuel Crowther with

HENRY FORD

WE DO not concern ourselves in the least with the cost of living. We have no data on the cost of living among our employees in this country and we do not want any. We only hope that the standards are high and growing higher. The wages that we pay are not based on cost of living but on value of production. There is no other basis for wages. Cost of living is a phrase which means nothing unless it is understood as relating to the standard of living. If the standard is high the cost is high. But before either standard or cost can go up, wages must go up. Your standard of living is fixed by your wages. Living does not go up and pull wages after it. Wages go up and pull living up. We are often asked if we will pay the American standard of wages in our European industries. If our foreign business can grow as rapidly as our domestic — and there are no good reasons why it should not — then we may pay as high or higher wages abroad than we do here. Wages are not in the discretion of the employer, but in the productivity of the business.

Our standards of wages and hours are not at all fixed upon the performance in the United States but upon the performance where the wages are paid. We are committed to a policy of high wages and low prices. We raise wages in order to get lower costs and hence to be able to sell at lower prices. We never lower wages in order to sell at lower prices, just as we never raise prices in order to raise wages.

ALL of this is directly contrary to the old thought on wages. That thought takes for granted that wages are a cost of production in the same manner as a pound of steel — and that therefore low wages result in low costs and high wages result in high costs. We have found that low

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wages not only result in expensive goods but also, both directly and indirectly, so limit the purchasing power of the public that really large sales are out of the question. Our wage policy has nothing to do with charity; it is wholly an affair of what good management plus good workmanship makes possible.

A GREAT deal of confusion has crept into the whole subject of wages, hours of work, profits and prices. Most of this confusion grows out of the notion that since there is only so much to go around, there ought to be a big bookkeeper somewhere to determine who is to get what. The various Socialistic programmes are nothing more than attempts to set up a public bookkeeper to keep everybody's accounts and determine everybody's share. They go somewhat farther and attempt to promise a life in which work will be only an incident. We are, as a matter of policy, against hard work — we will not put on a man what we can put on a machine. But here again is a confusion. There is a difference between a man working hard and just having hard work. Hard work is not productive. A coolie porter carrying a great load on his back undoubtedly has hard work, but most of his energy is wasted, for even a small motor truck will take the place of a whole squad of coolies. It is not possible, except in the crafts which approach the arts, for a man in these days to earn a really good living with his hands.

The management that simply hires labor is not management at all. It is the first duty of management so to arrange the work that it can be productive of high wages. But management cannot do this unless the men themselves are willing to work. Most men are willing to work if thereby they can get good wages. But when management organizes on the theory that the lowest wage is the best wage, then the workmen also are driven to organize in an effort to prevent the plans to pay the lowest wages.

The old theory, which still persists in business, is that the rate of wages depends on the bargaining power of the worker as against the monopoly of the employer. Under that theory, both sides lost. Under that theory, labor unions rose and organized war began, with boycott and lockout as the weapons. Nothing more is needed than the results to prove the theory false. Yet it is clung to by old-line management and by old-line labor with equal tenacity. They both are wrong.

IT NEEDS to be driven home to men's minds that such a theory represents nothing but the accommodation of their logic to their errors. The theory of wages in the past has been merely a description of the predatory spirit that once actuated money-making. There is no standard wage except that set by the energy, ability, and character of all who are engaged in the business. The basic fact is that the standard wage is what management and industry can make it. Upon managers more than upon political economists rests the responsibility of furnishing data for the new theory of wages.

There is nothing to running a business by custom. When an employer says, "I pay the going rate of wages," he says in effect that he has quit

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managing his affairs and is letting them drift. No manufacturer would seriously contend that the way to make the best article was to buy only the cheapest materials. And yet we hear of industries seriously declaring that they cannot become prosperous until they cut wages. These are always backward industries in which the employers are trying to effect low wages regardless of work and the employees are trying to effect high wages regardless of work.

THE largest single factor in the prosperity which has grown throughout this country since the war has been due to the maintenance of a high standard of wages — even through the short period of depression that followed the general deflation. Immediately after the war wages rose under the old system of public auction in which the workers permitted themselves to be bid for regardless of what they could or would do and employers, abandoning the idea of work, bid against one another — also without regard to the work that was to be performed for the wages. This raised the prices of all manufactured goods and at the same time lowered their quality. Quite soon the public realized that it was not getting its money's worth and quit buying. Plants everywhere shut down and then went up the cry for the liquidation of labor — the same cry that is now going up from every backward industry everywhere in the world. Very fortunately the employers did not have a chance to carry out their plans for the liquidation of labor, else they would have made depression permanent. A few wide awake concerns saw that before getting around to the liquidation of labor it might be advisable to liquidate management. They put their own houses in order and devised ways and means to pay first-class wages for real work that turned out first-class goods at low prices. These companies so very quickly sold their output that the other companies — which up to then had been engaged solely in talking about the price of labor — had to make a quick turn about and liquidate their own managements, or go entirely out of business. As a result we never did have a liquidation of labor but took the prosperity-making course of transforming high wages into low labor costs per unit of production. That is the foundation of American prosperity.

LOOK at the basic relationships. It is not usual to speak of an employee as a partner, and yet what else is he? Whenever a man finds the management of a business too much for his own time or strength, he calls in assistants to share the management with him. Why, then, if a man finds the production part of a business too much for his own two hands should he deny the title of "partner" to those who come in and help him produce? Every business that employs more than one man is a kind of partnership. The moment a man calls for assistance in his business — even though the assistant be but a boy — that moment he has taken a partner. He may himself be sole owner of the resources of the business and sole director of its operations, but only while he remains sole manager and sole producer can he claim complete independence. No man is inde-

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pendent as long as he has to depend on another man to help him. It is a reciprocal relation — the boss is the partner of his worker, the worker is partner of his boss. And such being the case, it is useless for one group or the other to assume that it is the one indispensable unit. Both are indispensable. The one can become unduly assertive only at the expense of the other — and eventually at its own expense as well. It is utterly foolish for Capital or for Labor to separate into groups. They are partners. When they pull and haul against each other they simply injure the organization in which they are partners and from which both draw support.

IT OUGHT to be the employer's ambition, as leader, to pay better wages than any similar line of business, and it ought to be the workman's ambition to make this possible. Of course there are men in all shops who seem to believe that if they do their best, it will be only for the employer's benefit and not at all for their own. It is a pity that such a feeling should exist. But it does exist and perhaps it has some justification. If an employer urges men to do their best, and the men learn after a while that their best does not bring any reward, then they naturally drop back into "getting by." But if they see the fruits of hard work in their pay envelope — proof that better work means higher pay — then they begin to learn that they also are a part of the business and that its success depends on them and their success depends on it.

"What ought the employer to pay?" "What ought the employee to receive?" These are but minor questions. The basic question is "What can the business stand?" Certainly no business can stand outgo that exceeds its income. When you pump water out of a well at a faster rate than the water flows in, the well goes dry. And when the well runs dry, those who depend on it go thirsty. And if, perchance, they imagine they can pump one well dry and then jump to some other well, it is only a matter of time when all the wells will be dry. There is now a widespread demand for more justly divided rewards, but it must be recognized that there are limits to rewards. The business itself sets the limits. You cannot distribute $150,000 out of a business that brings in only $100,000. The business limits the wages, but does anything limit the business? The business limits itself by following bad precedents.

IF MEN, instead of saying "the employer ought to do thus-and-so," would say, "the business ought to be stimulated and managed so that it can do thus-and-so," they would get somewhere. Because only the business can pay wages. Certainly the employer cannot, unless the business warrants. But if that business does warrant higher wages and the employer refuses, what is to be done? As a rule a business means the livelihood of too many men to be tampered with. It is criminal to assassinate a business to which large numbers of men have given their labors and to which they have learned to look as their field of usefulness and their source of livelihood. Killing the business by a strike or a lockout does not help. The employer can gain nothing by looking over the

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employees and asking himself, "How little can I get them to take?" Nor the employee by glaring back and asking, "How much can I force him to give?" Eventually both will have to turn to the business and ask, "How can this industry be made safe and profitable, so that it will be able to provide a sure and comfortable living for all of us?"

But by no means all employers or all employees will think straight. The habit of acting shortsightedly is a hard one to break. What can be done? Nothing. No rules or laws will effect the changes. But enlightened self-interest will. It takes a little while for enlightenment to spread. But spread it must, for the concern in which both employer and employees work to the same end of service is bound to forge ahead in business.

What do we mean by high wages, anyway?

We mean a higher wage than was paid ten months or ten years ago. We do not mean a higher wage than ought to be paid. Our high wages of today may be low wages ten years from now.

IF IT is right for the manager of a business to try to make it pay larger dividends, it is quite as right that he should try to make it pay higher wages. But it is not the manager of the business who pays the high wages. Of course, if he can and will not, then the blame is on him. But he alone can never make high wages possible. High wages cannot be paid unless the workmen earn them. Their labor is the productive factor. It is not the only productive factor — poor management can waste labor and material and nullify the efforts of labor. Labor can nullify the results of good management. But it is a partnership of skilled management and honest labor that makes high wages possible.

THERE will never be a system invented which will do away with the necessity of work. Nature has seen to that. Idle hands and minds were never intended for any one of us. Work is our sanity, our self-respect, our salvation. So far from being a curse, work is the greatest blessing. Exact social justice flows only out of honest work. The man who contributes much should take away much. Therefore no element of charity is present in the paying of wages. The kind of workman who gives the business the best that is in him is the best kind of workman a business can have. And he cannot be expected to do this indefinitely without proper recognition of his contribution. The man who comes to the day's job feeling that, no matter how much he may give, it will not yield him enough of a return to keep him beyond want, is not in shape to do his day's work. He is anxious and worried, and it all reacts to the detriment of his work.

But if a man feels that his day's work is not only supplying his basic need, but is also giving him a margin of comfort and enabling him to give his boys and girls their opportunity and his wife some pleasure in life, then his job looks good to him and he is free to give it of his best. This is a good thing for him and a good thing for the business. The man who does not get a certain satisfaction out of his day's work is losing the best part of his pay.

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For the day's work is a great thing — a very great thing! It is at the very foundation of the world; it is the basis of our self-respect.

The rate of wages that may be paid is not fixed by the machinery and power that are employed. It goes back farther than that to the very inception of the article that is to be made. The decision of the employer as to what he shall make determines the wage that he can pay. If he tries to make something that will help people, then there will be no eventual limit to the wages that he can pay, for there will be no limit to the eventual size of his business. But if the owner starts out only with the thought of making something that he can sell to people, then he is sure to have trouble with wages. This applies only to articles in the nature of commodities. The rule is different with luxuries, for with them price does not matter and the wages may be added to the price; this is not to say that anyone can definitely class all articles as commodities or as luxuries, for the luxuries are constantly entering the commodity class.

PLANNING an article for universal consumption is a slow process in which one goes forward step by step, trying as he goes. For every theory must have the test of actual performance. When finally one has the best design that one knows, then comes the task of learning to make it in the best possible fashion and also in the cheapest. The making brings in machinery, the arrangement of work, the cutting out of waste and steering the whole of business to the end that all the labor goes into the product.

The design of the article is never finished and neither is the job of making it; as one goes on, improvements suggest themselves in the design and likewise improvements in the making.

WE TAKE it as a matter of course that we are never making anything as cheaply or as well as it may be made and so we consider every piece of machinery in our plants as well as the plants themselves as only tentative and to be replaced, regardless of their cost, as soon as something better can be devised. We fix our sales prices and our wages regardless of costs, for out of our experience we have discovered that it is necessary always to have something to shoot at and that if we make the mark very difficult to hit we shall have everyone up on his toes trying to hit it.

The right price is not what the traffic will bear. The right wage is not the lowest sum a man will work for. The right price is the lowest price an article can steadily be sold for. The right wage is the highest wage the employer can steadily pay. That is where the ingenuity of the employer comes in. He has to create customers, and if he is making a commodity, then his own workers are among his best customers. We have several hundred thousand first-class customers in our own company, in the people to whom we directly pay wages. And we are creating more customers every day in the workmen of the people from whom we buy. For every dollar we pay in wages, we pay at least two for materials and parts made on the outside. It is an ever-widening circle of buying — paying a high wage has the same effect as

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throwing a stone into a still pond. In all some six or seven million people gain their livelihood from our operations.

THERE can be no true prosperity until the worker upon an ordinary commodity can buy what he makes. Your own employees are part of your public. The same ought to be true everywhere, but the difficulty in some countries is that the workman is not expected to buy what he makes. A part of Europe's trouble is that so much of its goods has gone abroad in the past that there is little thought of really having a home market.

If you cut wages, you just cut the number of your own customers. If an employer does not share prosperity with those who make him prosperous, then pretty soon there will be no prosperity to share. That is why we think it is good business always to raise wages and never to lower them. We like to have plenty of customers.

Buying labor is just like buying anything else — you have to make sure that you get your money's worth. Every time you let a man give you less than full value for the wage you pay him, you help to lower his wage and to make it harder for him to earn a living. You can do a man no greater injury than to allow him to "soldier" on his job. The reason ought to be plain. The less work a man does, the less purchasing power he creates, which means a lessened number of people to ask for his services.

Thus there can be no "standard wage." A wage based on a standard of living is destructive, for it implies that all men are alike and can agree on how they want to live. Fortunately, all men are not alike, and fortunately all of them do not care to live this year the way they did last year. Any attempt to fix a "living wage" is an insult to the intelligence of both managers and workers. We do not know what the right wage is, and perhaps we shall never know. But certainly it only clogs progress to try to fix wages without the facts. The world has never approached industry with the wage motive — from the angle of seeing how high wages may be — and until we have had some experience in that line we shall not know much about wages.

Trade union limitations on production can never come up in a well-managed business. They are an answer to bad management. If an employer sells his product at too high a price, with his eye on profits instead of on costs, he will pay low wages, for he will not know what kind of men he needs. He limits his market by his price and there is no reason why the men who work for him should not also limit their output. Why should men work for an employer who will not so manage his business as to pay proper wages?

Our company's wage policy has been of slow growth. In the beginning we paid the going rate of wages.

IT IS from the five dollar a day wage payment that our real business dates. Not long after the minimum was raised to six dollars a day. We think a minimum is safer than a maximum. It prevents any possibility of slipping back, while it does not hinder us going forward. I regard the

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six dollar minimum as certain to give way to a higher figure at no very distant time.

WE HAVE no crafts in our shops—that is, we do not have tinsmiths, machinists or any men at all with trade denominations. We merely hire men and they learn with us to do the jobs to which they are assigned. The ordinary craft organization would hinder our work and prevent the payment of the highest wages. A manager should be able so to organize the work and the machines that especial skill is not necessary. Many of our operations require the employment of the highest skill, but it is not the skill of a single craft so much as the skill of many crafts. The craft organization of industry is quite out of date. Modern machinery has devised thousands of jobs which were unknown when men organized into crafts, and nowadays the insistence upon crafts only throws men out of jobs when they might be working.

And finally we always strive to cut down the number of men employed upon any operation by improving the method used. Not otherwise can wages be increased and prices lowered. This process does not make for unemployment. On the contrary, it makes for employment because by lowering prices and increasing wages it stimulates production. For more than twenty years we have been taking off men whenever and wherever we could. But other jobs have at the same time appeared for them, so that today we are employing more men than at any time in our history.

THE theory that machinery and good methods make for unemployment should be laid away in the same grave as the theory that low wages make for low priced goods.

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The Last Man

By John Cowper Powys

The Last Man stood erect
On the edge of immensity.
"Down on your knees!" the Sphinx did cry,
As she droned like a monstrous beetle by,
"And worship cause and effect!
Your philosophy is pitched too high!"
And she drummed at his ears like a mammoth fly;
But the Last Man stood erect.

And the Last Man saw in his mind
The old familiar sights.
He saw the herds thro' the pastures wind,
He saw the swallows' flights,
He saw the rooks in the elms collect,
He saw the holes by the yaffles pecked.
He saw the village-lights.
He saw young forms at the gate entwined.
He saw old forms at shutter and blind.
And the Last Man stood erect.

And the Last Man heard in his ears
The old familiar sounds.
He heard the clipping of shepherds' shears
He heard the Blackmore hounds.
He heard the giggling on Kiss-me Down-Lea
He heard the panting and "can't-catch-me!"
Of his girl for fairing decked.
He heard the cuckoo from tree to tree
Cry his old sweet human obscenity.
And the Last Man stood erect.

"Oh, bat-like Sphinx, you may drone and drum!"
And he faced immensity.
"Let nothingness and destruction come!
These things have been," said he.
"Down on your knees!" the Sphinx did cry,
As she boomed like a monstrous buzzard by,
"And worship cause and effect!
These things have been: and they are not!"
And she sank into space like a vulture shot.
But the Last Man stood erect.

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Under the Wall of Chochow

By Ariel L. Varges

Beneath it, amid hunger, tragedy and bloody justice, boy soldiers were incredibly brave, but impressive above all was the Wall, ancient, impregnable

A few months ago, during the siege of the ancient Chinese city of Chochow, I was attached to the attacking forces under General Tsur, to take moving pictures for an American newsreel company. One morning I was having breakfast on the train that served as headquarters for General Tsur. Suddenly, in the next car, there was a great commotion. Wailing voices besought the attention of the soldier on guard at the door. With "Newsreel" Wong, my Chinese assistant and interpreter, I went to investigate and arrived just as General Tsur himself put in appearance. An old man and young girl, both weeping and hysterical, were making excited gestures toward a soldier who was standing surrounded by a guard. General Tsur silenced the confusion and sat down to hear the complaint.

There was no quibbling and no delay. The old man and his daughter made their accusation and, with seeming indifference, the accused soldier admitted having attacked the girl. That settled the matter as far as General Tsur was concerned. He gave orders that the culprit be beheaded on the spot.

Neither the prisoner nor those who heard the sentence seemed surprised or horrified. A friend of the unfortunate girl, wishing to hasten the execution, brought forward a *kaoling* cutter. This is a big knife operating on a hinge, the whole apparatus being set up on a large block of wood. In times of peace it is unused to the taste of blood, its function being, as its name implies, the cutting of *kaoling* (straw).

The prisoner was inhumanly quiet, apparently indifferent to his imminent doom. He glanced at the waiting knife; speaking calmly, he asked for a match to light a cigarette; then he asked for a drink of Chinese wine. Both requests were granted. A guard stepped up and removed his hat and tucked in his collar so that the knife would have free play. The prisoner was pushed to his knees and a bundle of cornstalks was placed around his neck to give the knife a grip.

As these preliminaries were being completed, the proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the excited

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jabbering of the doomed soldier's comrades, who had hurriedly assembled to witness the affair. They were squabbling loudly over the gold-plated collar button (acquired God knows where) which protruded from the back of the prisoner's shirt. They all wanted it. Suddenly three of them ran forward, pushed their former comrade flat on his face and tussled over him until, with a cry, one of them made off with the prize, holding it aloft.

THE man who was about to die had made no struggle, and his guards had done nothing in his behalf. Now they got him on his knees again and motioned to the volunteer executioner, another of the doomed man's comrades, who was to receive three dollars for acting in this capacity. He was handling the *kaoling* cutter rather uncertainly and noticing this, General Tsur made inquiry and discovered that he had had no previous experience as executioner. Before the General could speak further, however, the volunteer broke into a torrent of pleading. Only a boy in years, he was yet keen for the job, and begged to be allowed to prove his skill on an armful of straw. The General acceded, and the boy looked around in pride while the straw was laid on the block. The prisoner, lifted to his feet, watched the keen blade descending swiftly. The sight seemed to take some of his courage away, but his voice was controlled as he asked that his end be hastened.

Once more, then, he was shoved to his knees. There was to be one more interruption, however, for at this point Wong broke in to ask if the prisoner did not desire to write a letter home. The condemned man thought a moment and then nodded. It was a brief letter merely stating that he would never return home and that his parents were not to worry. The letter had been dictated before another bystander thought to ask him his parents' address. Then the prisoner asked again that the execution proceed.

This time he was not kept waiting. His head was pressed down on an upturned nail on the execution block. He gave a little sigh, like a moan from an empty bellows. Like a flash the cutter knife came down. There was a spurt of blood which made the spectators jump back. The eyes in the severed head rolled a bit, the lips seemed to make an effort to move. Then there was a cheer from the dead man's former comrades, who seemed to have enjoyed the horrible spectacle. And it was all over. The whole incident takes some time to relate, but actually, within a few minutes, I returned to my breakfast and found it still warm. My appetite, however, was gone.

EXECUTION or not, the besiegers' guns trained on Chochow never halted their roaring and inside the wall of the city the artillery of the defenders roared back. Chochow's wall is hundreds of years old. As high as the average three story city house, and as thick as it is high, it has saved the city from destruction on so many occasions during its historic career, that legendary qualities not inherent in any masonry have come to be attributed to it. It was the real hero of the siege, resisting to the end the buffeting of shells and the explosion of mines.

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I had ample opportunity to look at the Wall of Chochow. For eighty-six days it was the first thing I saw in the morning and the last thing I saw before the sun went down. During all this time the city was besieged by Ankuochun forces under General Tsur Tso-hua. Its defender, General Fu Tso-yi, with his Shansi troops, was greatly outnumbered. But he had the Wall fighting for him, and the city could not be taken by storm.

THE Ankuochun front-line trenches approached to within fifty feet of the Wall. I was free to move about at will, and one day this freedom almost put an end to my picture-taking career. I wanted to get some close-up pictures of the Wall, and with Wong I moved forward through communicating trenches. The Ankuochun soldiers watched us curiously but finally we left the last of them behind and reached the farthest outpost. We could see no one patrolling the Wall. With a feeling of security, therefore, we set up the camera and began to grind away.

We had scarcely started when two of the Shansi defenders appeared on top of the Wall, one of them with a hand grenade of the potato-masher type ready to fling at us. Grabbing the camera we pressed ourselves against the forward face of the trench, desperately hoping that the fellow's aim would be poor. The tremendous explosion which we expected never came. Instead we heard two staccato reports, and looked over the trench top just in time to see our assailants crumple and fall writhing.

We looked back down the trench and saw standing there, grinning, the man who had saved us. He was one of General Tsur's bodyguard who had followed us, hoping to be able to render just such a service. It seemed that in photographing certain members of the bodyguard a few days before, we had missed him. He had been disappointed, but thought that we might be willing to take his picture if he did something for us in return. We turned the crank on him to his heart's content.

After this experience we were content to film the Wall from a little longer range. But not too long, for after all a cameraman taking war pictures must take them in the thick of things, or not at all. Once a great mine was laid under the Wall. The shaft was sunk inside the Ankuochun lines behind a shell shattered ruin on a sunken road. The digging had to be done at night, and the excavated dirt was spread over the sunken road for a mile to camouflage the work. It was absolutely essential that the work be done quietly, since the head of the mine shaft was only nine hundred feet from the Wall.

NIGHT after night the digging went forward. As the tunnel came near to the Wall the excitement among the Ankuochun engineers was intense. The engineers took great pride in their mine, and were very anxious that I get a good picture when the great moment of the explosion came. Deep down in a dugout we used to sit and plan. The explosion charge was to be three tons of T.N.T. Troops who could not be protected from falling débris were to be sent back to the sunken road for

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protection. Following the explosion, they would join in an attack.

The great day approached and minor attacks were made elsewhere along the Wall to distract the defenders. Meantime, for ten nights previous a roof of heavy iron rails was built over our dugout. Before sundown on the last day before the mine was to be exploded, we placed the camera in position inside a concrete pill-box, registered it, and attached the electric drive. I sprayed oil around the loop-hole through which the explosion was to be filmed. This was to lay the dust from the first concussion. With everything in readiness, I went back to the steel roofed dugout to wait the night out. The realization of a cameraman's life dream of action was at hand.

ZERO hour was seven in the morning. In the dugout I sat with the Ankuochun engineers around an improvised table. Our eyes were fastened on two electric switches. One was to start my camera; the other would set off the mine. As time grew short we speculated on the astonishment of the Shansi when their Wall crumbled under them. The engineers were frightfully anxious that everything should go right. Once before, one of their mines had exploded prematurely.

At one minute to seven I went over to my switch. One of the engineers, tense, stood beside the mine switch. Fifteen seconds before zero I pressed down on the camera switch to give my film a lead of clear sky until the time of the explosion. Our eyes were glued on the second hands of our watches. Suddenly the Ankuochun engineers made a movement. The earth shook. We choked from dust. Tons of rock were heard dropping overhead — our post was only ninety yards from the Wall. There was a great shout, and we peered out in time to see the infantry advancing.

THERE was a great rent in the Wall where the mine had exploded. But there was no clean opening and the Shansi defenders, rallying from other points, poured a withering enfilading fire into the advancing Ankuochuns and repulsed the attack. The sturdy old Wall had been again victorious, and my engineer friends were naturally greatly disappointed. But in spite of this, they were keen to have a copy of my picture. I promised to do my best for them, and then, suddenly relaxed, we all laughed at the realization of the danger risked to film thrills for an American newsreel.

For a while after this there was no more infantry action, although the ceaseless artillery bombardment never slackened. Once, during a bombardment by trench mortars, Wong and I sought shelter in a dugout with several Ankuochun soldiers. I spoke to them about the war with the idea of discovering what was in their minds. Each one of them had his own explanation. One youth, who had been influenced by the propaganda pamphlets he had read, spoke up in all seriousness and told me he was fighting to kill the Reds.

Through Wong I asked him, "What are Reds?" He answered, "Men who take your wife." That was all he could tell me for that was all he knew.

Another lad, an orphan, made no

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secret of the fact that he was fighting in return for the clothes on his back and something to put in his stomach.

More than half of the soldiers in both armies were under the age of fifteen, and some of them were as young as twelve. Both Generals seemed to take the youth of their followers quite as a matter of course. To each of them the important thing was to have the largest army possible.

YOUNG as the troops were, they made good fighters. They were not old enough to know fear and they were always willing to obey commands of their officers. They were good humored too, and at the beginning of the siege they entered into it with the same enthusiasm that American boys of their age bring to their athletic contests. Despite the diet of cabbage soup and millet mush they never complained. Without whimpering they slept through the cold nights in damp trenches with only a thin blanket to serve as a shelter for two and sometimes for three men. If they wanted a pillow they could use a trench mortar bomb. They had only coarse cotton clothing to wear.

There were hardships within the Wall of Chochow, too. The civilian population suffered most since all available supplies and foodstuffs were commandeered at the beginning of the siege for the defending soldiers. All houses were wrecked by gun-fire in the first few days and the wretched civilians lived for the remainder of the siege in dugouts, cellars or any shelter they could find. At first the military authorities doled out food to the civilians, but soon there was not enough to go around, and the soldiers had to be fed first.

After the siege had lasted a month those of the inhabitants who had not been killed or maimed skulked through the streets at night to steal even a bit of garbage from the soldiers' mess. If they were fortunate enough to find it unguarded, then they had to fight with wolf-like mongrel dogs for the pitiful sustenance it afforded. Toward the end of the siege the inhabitants were reduced to *kaoliang* or poor donkey food and a few beans. Even the bones of pigs and cattle which had been eaten during the first days of the siege were ground for such nourishment as they afforded.

NEWS of the desperate plight of the beleaguered city reached Peking. The Swastika Society, the Chinese Red Cross, communicated with General Tsur, and besought him to permit the helpless women and children to leave the city. General Tsur was willing. General Fu of the defenders was then approached under a flag of truce and he also agreed to let them go. He stipulated, however, that the boys over fifteen years of age must remain, as they were needed in his ranks.

When the gates of the city were opened the most starved specimens of humanity that I have ever seen straggled out. The women were blindfolded to prevent them from spying in case they had been sent out for that purpose. The bandages over their eyes only made the scene more pitiful when I reflected what small chance there was of any of them wanting to return to the scene of such suffering. Once outside the restricted

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area the eye coverings were removed. Then the members of the Swastika Society divided the mass into sections and gave them the first real food they had had in weeks. The women and children burst into tears of joy and more often hysteria. At first they could not believe that it was true. Then they seemed to regard it as a miracle. They ate like animals, poor things.

Suddenly, without warning, the bombardment was resumed. A gun near-by fired its opening shot, and with a bound the refugees leaped to their feet and looked around with a hunted air, whimpering. As soon as it was explained that there was little danger they clutched for the food again.

I PHOTOGRAPHED many of them and my heart ached as I did so. Mothers with wan faces and sunken eyes hugged mere skeletons of babies to their emaciated breasts. One young mother asked Wong what the war was all about. Wong turned to me, but I could only shake my head helplessly. Another mother came over to where I was grinding the crank and held her little baby girl out to me. Wong told me that she was offering me the child as a gift. I took it as a compliment and nodded smilingly. Then I saw that she was serious. She hadn't long to live she said, but I had to tell her that my own existence was precarious also.

After their taste of food the refugees were strong enough to start out for Peking over the first stone bridge on the old Imperial Peking highway. Previous evacuations of Ankuochun wounded soldiers that very day had left a sinister trail of blood on the marble roadway. Fifty open carts were waiting to transport the refugees and they rumbled off in the most dismal procession I have ever seen.

AFTER the evacuation of the women and children the intensity of the siege was redoubled. Once the Ankuochun forces attempted to storm the city. They planted a large quantity of explosives under the protecting Wall and shelled the city relentlessly in preparation for the attack. But once again the mine failed to break down the gallant old Wall. Nevertheless, at the appointed time the Ankuochun troops leaped from the trenches and charged. The machine gun fire of the defenders raked them mercilessly. No attack could stand before it. In spite of this about three hundred brave youths managed to reach the Wall. With no support from their fellows, who had been forced back into their dugouts, this gallant little band tried to scale the Wall. They were annihilated, of course. I thought as I watched them that I had never seen a greater exhibition of dauntless courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

At about this time, there were persistent rumors that the rival commanders were negotiating for the surrender of the city. The men in the ranks got wind of it, but were not in the least excited about it. To my surprise, they seemed not to care whether the rumors were true or false.

The shelling continued regularly, and talk of its surrender was forgotten. Then, without warning, peace came one day, eighty-six days after the beginning of hostilities.

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General Fu came out of the South Gate, accompanied by his staff. He signalled across No Man's Land at a time when the Gate was being shelled. It was the signal of surrender.

Fu was a man who inspired courage in his own troops and admiration in the enemy. He had long ago conquered his own fears, and his whole bearing was that of a man who meets his destiny confidently. As he came through the Gate, it was seen that he was dressed in a gorgeous long black robe with flowing sleeves. Contrasted with the drab service uniforms of his staff, this costume produced a striking effect, and undoubtedly he was not unaware of it.

I POINTED my camera at Fu as he came toward the Ankuochun lines. He was surprised to see a foreigner in the Ankuochun trenches. Fu, by the way, had been a schoolmate of Tsur's. I asked Fu if he would permit me to photograph his defenses before the Shansi troops evacuated their positions. The idea seemed to amuse him, and he detailed a member of his staff and three of his bodyguard to escort me into the city.

Inside the Wall, I was astonished to see the terrible havoc wrought by the bombardment which I had only been able to imagine before. The city looked as if it had been rocked by an earthquake. Buildings, ancient monuments, all were in ruins. A few shells were still falling, as the surrender had been so sudden that some of the Ankuochun batteries in the rear had not yet been notified to cease firing.

I kept grinding my camera in the exposed area, to the amusement of the watching troops. They were more amused when I told them, through Wong, that earlier in the day I had been working with the Ankuochun batteries which were still firing. One young trooper laughingly remarked, "You should now be hit and your work would be complete."

FINALLY the firing ceased and a bugle call sounded. Their officers told the troops that the war was over. They did not cheer or leap with joy. They simply stood still and waited. I was surprised. But I was completely astounded at what happened next. The Shansi troops were told that they were to be enrolled in General Tsur's Ankuochun army; and they grinned a little and relaxed.

I suppose that I should not have been taken aback quite so much. It was not the first time in history that soldiers had gone over to the side of their former foes. But I had been so close to this conflict that the attitude of the Shansi was incomprehensible to me. I had seen the soldiers of both armies fighting with the hatred that the fear of death engenders. I had seen them suffer. And that the common soldiers could put all this behind them, seemingly without effort, without a thought, was beyond my understanding.

When I finally got back to Peking, I described the siege to an old Chinese whom I knew. I told him of the misery, the awful bloodshed I had witnessed. It had seemed so purposeless, just wanton killing. He listened to me with a queer expression in his eyes. I finished, and then he answered.

"Plenty Chinese die," he said, "But plenty Chinese left."

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Monogamy and the Motor Car

By Albert Russel Erskine

To those who picture the automobile as wrecking the American home a leading maker replies that it is actually producing evolutionary progress

The automobile industry has almost been overwhelmed in the last three or four years by the testimony of outside students and economists as to its decisive rôle in the creation of the new type of civilization which has grown up in America. We are beginning to talk of the Americanization of the world which is following a new industrial revolution in this country, comparable to that of the Eighteenth Century in England. Mr. Clifford Raymond, in commenting on the birth of this civilization, has said that we have effected in recent years what the human race has done only once or twice in the past five thousand. We have created new folk ways, and for the first time in the history of the world we have achieved a culture based upon the dissemination to the common man of nearly all the benefits which have come from the increased productive capacity and wealth of this civilization. It is now generally recognized that the motor industry was the greatest of three new technical and industrial movements which brought this about.

To my mind the motor industry has begun something which cannot be measured either in engineering or monetary units. I think it is contributing to the biological progress of the American people, and to a great rejuvenation and renaissance of that monogamic family life which is recognized by anthropologists and by students of the social sciences as the primary requisite for any enduring progress.

Past civilizations have all, in some measure, lifted mankind above the physical limitations of its environment, but almost invariably they have caused such a violent divorce between the civilized modes of life and the biological roots of humanity that racial degeneration has resulted. Modern industrialism has from the first been criticized because it was believed to be doing the same thing. The critics of modern America have been prompt and eager to point out certain changes in popular manners and customs which they have assumed were the dominant trends of our time. Those who recall the "good old times" have viewed this from a pessimistic angle, while the

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sophisticate and degenerate schools have been unable to conceal their delight at what they assumed was a dissolution of old social units and moral standards.

WE ARE told that the basis of our morals has been changed. This is said to be a result of urbanization. And urbanization is assumed to be an inevitable consequence of this machine age into which we have moved. I quote a typical observation from Dr. Will Durant: "The passage from tillage to industry began to affect the moral behavior of mankind. Economic maturity came almost as late as mental maturity; only in the manual working class was a lad self-supporting and ready to marry at the age of twenty-one. Above those ranks the age of self-sufficiency rose higher with every rise in luxury and place — in the professions, above all. And man, burdened as never before, saw woman shorn of her old functions by the development of factories and machines. In a home now denuded of significance and work, she was a beautiful parasite, an animated piece of interior decoration, and nothing more."

We are all familiar with superficial observations of this kind. The home is supposed to be dissolving. Girls are supposed to marry later in life. Babies are out of date. And all these calamities are promptly chalked up to the discredit of the machine age, of which the automobile industry is a most important and responsible factor.

Another type of criticism has warned us that the plenty and security which characterize modern life, as a result of the increased productive power of modern industry, have suspended the law of natural selection and therefore caused a multiplication and preservation of vast numbers of weaklings and incompetents who would have been ruthlessly exterminated in sterner and poorer times.

It seems to me that critics of both these schools have ignored facts which were readily available to conscientious research.

THE conventional picture of a decaying family life is very largely based upon statistics of the divorce courts. These statistics are well nigh worthless. The divorce rate in any American state is very largely a social function or consequence of the divorce laws of that state, and they range all the way from South Carolina with no divorces, to Nevada with her exotic divorce industry. Because of historical reasons, the statutes governing divorce vary with geography, but no competent observer of American life would for one instant say that domestic infelicity increases with the distance from the Atlantic seaboard. The number of divorces per thousand marriages is not now, and never was, an indication of the volume of matrimonial failures.

The next most popular theme has been a supposed exodus of women from the home. A comparison of our occupational censuses will show that, since the advent of the automobile and the electric motor, both of which began to exercise a powerful economic influence around 1912, the percentage of all women over ten years of age engaged in work outside the home declined between 1910 and 1920.

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Further analysis reveals an even more interesting trend in that period. Despite the great expansion of our manufacturing industry in respect to the percentage of gainfully employed women in factory work, manufacturing just barely held its own. The only notable increase was in clerical and office work. As is well known, these occupations are very largely temporary for women. In some respects they are preparatory to home-building because a large number of modern marriages originate from acquaintances and courtships begun in commercial and clerical life. And a considerable number of married women occupied outside the home remain in such light occupations, temporarily, while the couple are establishing themselves on a firm economic base.

THE truth of the matter is that modern industrialism, instead of creating work which drags women from the home, is troubled with a tendency to create leisure so rapidly that its problem of readjusting the workers as to new jobs has become one of its main concerns. And in the meantime, the percentage of all the population engaged in any work at all has declined, and the enrollment in high schools, secondary schools and colleges has been swelled by hundreds of thousands. Only one in six women engaged in work outside the home is over 44 years of age, while one man of every three at work is over that age. More than one of every five women at work outside the home is between the ages of 20 and 24, but only one out of every eight men. This indicates clearly enough that the economic independence of women, which has excited so much approbation and alarm, is under modern conditions very largely a preparation for a career of homemaking.

IT IS an unfortunate incident of our civilization that modern business makes so heavy a draft upon the stock of first rate brains and ability of the country, that a large part of the writing and artistic activity of our time is done by second-raters, who are always in danger of developing an inferiority complex which leads them to a hostile attitude. Hundreds of novels have been written in the last twenty-five years based more or less on the theme that modern life denies men and women the benefits of matrimony and home life by delaying the age of marriage. Mark how plain a tale shall put them down. All we need is the census reports.

There was a greater proportion of married women in 1920 than in 1910 for women of every age between fourteen and forty-five, and the increase was the most marked for the women of younger years. Nine and eight-tenths per cent of all girls of seventeen were married in 1920, but only 8.7 per cent in 1910. For the following ages the percentages for the two census years were as shown in this table:

Years	*Per Cent Married 1910*	*Per Cent Married 1920*
18	17.0	19.2
19	25.7	28.6
20	36.2	38.4
21	43.5	45.8
22	50.7	52.9
23	57.2	59.2
24	62.0	64.2
25	65.7	67.8

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An examination of the census tables of birth by occupation of the fathers will also reassure the student of American social trends. We may not be breeding a race of sophisticates, but we are certainly producing a sturdy and virile stock in this country. The world has always had to rely on the sporadic production of geniuses, and no way has ever been found to assure the perpetuation of such aptitudes. As a matter of fact, the production of geniuses and lunatics seems to be a similar and related process, so that as far as social organization and human foresight can control the situation, we are entitled to an optimistic view of the biological consequences of the industrial civilization for which the automobile industry must assume — and does cheerfully assume — such a great share of responsibility. The conventional idea that industrial capitalism sacrifices its human seed to pile up profits for Mammon and votive offerings for the golden calf, will be difficult to eradicate because so many people want to believe it.

LET us take note of what has really been happening in America in recent years. I think we will find that the American home is flourishing as never before.

In 1921 there were 10,463,295 automobiles registered in the United States, and in 1927 the number had risen to 23,226,191. It has been calculated that the registration of seven automobiles automatically creates a new job for some man outside of the manufacturing division of the automobile industry. So the registration of this number of cars can be assumed to have given economic support to at least a million and one-half potential heads of families. Now it is interesting indeed to note that in the same period approximately 1,300,000 new single family dwellings were erected in 302 cities of the United States having a population of 25,000 or over. There is in that fact no indication of the decline of the American home.

EVIDENCE of how the home is being improved, even as it is being multiplied, is found in the fact that the number of domestic electric light and power customers in the United States in 1921 was only 9,430,000, and in 1927 it had grown to 17,860,288. The average monthly number of enamel porcelain bathroom sets installed in the United States in 1913 was 39,831, and it has been around 100,000 ever since the automobile industry began to increase the registration of cars by millions a year.

The modern American home has more than ten times as much invested in mechanical contributions to comfort and luxury as had the same home of 1900, declares Eunice Fuller Barnard, social economist, in *Survey Graphic*.

The extraordinary increase in the use of mechanical aids to living is indicated in the following comparative lists prepared by Mrs. Barnard. In 1900, she says, the up-to-date home used the following:

Wringer and washboard	$5.00
Brushes and brooms	5.00
Sewing machine	25.00
2 Bicycles	70.00
	$105.00

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Today, the home in similar circumstances uses:

1 Washing machine	$150.00
1 Sewing machine (Electric)	60.00
1 Vacuum cleaner	50.00
Other electrical equipment	25.00
1 Phonograph	50.00
1 Radio	75.00
1 Telephone (per year)	35.00
1 Automobile	700.00
	$1,145.00

OF COURSE it may be argued that I am relying on facts about material objects to prove that an intangible thing like family life is flourishing; but to my mind the fact that the American people are not only spending millions of dollars in the establishment of new homes, but are also at the same time increasing their provision for the future welfare of their families in the form of insurance, savings, and security investment by many billions of dollars per year, is indicative of a moral determination and foresight which can only exist among a virile and healthy people.

In a little more than twelve years we witnessed the following remarkable increase in financial power and activities which are principally motivated by the desire to stabilize and secure the future of the American home. Savings bank deposits increased from $4,726,472,768 to $24,096,000,000; building and loan association assets from $1,137,600,648 to $6,334,000,000; life insurance in force, ordinary and industrial, $20,520,598,000 to $78,492,000,000.

It is interesting that the tremendous increase in home-building has been accomplished despite a great increase in the cost of building. The average price of a single family dwelling rose from $3,972 in 1921 to $4,830 in 1927. There is one very significant fact in regard to these building figures. They refer to building within the larger incorporated cities and towns. As is well known, the most marked population movement today is toward the suburbs of cities, and this movement produces a vast amount of home-building which does not come within these totals. Census figures covering the growth of the larger cities in the United States, and the growth of those metropolitan districts which embrace the suburbs show that the rate of growth in population is much higher on the outside of the cities.

Metropolitan Area of	*Percentage of Population in Suburbs 1910*	*Percentage of Population in Suburbs 1920*
Boston	55 "	58 "
Chicago	11 "	15 "
Detroit	9 "	15 "
New York	27 "	29 "
Philadelphia	22 "	27 "
Pittsburgh	48 "	51 "
St. Louis	17 "	18 "
San Francisco and Oakland	17 "	19 "

JOHN C. LONG, in *The Journal of Land and Public Utility Economics*, has said: "In ten years the counties of Long Island suburban to New York City have increased their population from 180,068 to 236,361. Ten years ago most of the land in this area which was within walking or horse-driving distance of the railway stations was already occupied. Today homes are being built along routes that are ten miles and more from the railway station."

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The automobile industry has been given credit by all observers for this decentralization of population. Complete concrete roads increased from 15,991 miles in 1921 to 50,521 in 1927. And a very considerable part of this mileage threaded suburban districts, which have been centres of intense home-building. Within the cities the percentage of families provided for in apartment houses relative to those constructing single family dwellings has steadily increased since 1921.

IN THIS connection, I quote a most interesting observation by our Department of Commerce at Washington. The following Associated Press dispatch tells its own story:

The modern demand for greater outdoor recreational facilities, together with the safety that comes with less travelled streets and highways, is bringing about a constantly growing migration of families with children to the suburbs, while families without children are moving into the cities, where they may enjoy the greater convenience of apartment house life.

These trends in American home life are shown in surveys conducted under the direction of Dr. John M. Gries, chief of the division of building and housing of the Department of Commerce, a synopsis of which was made public here today. Dr. Gries's survey constitutes part of the studies now being brought to a close by the committee on recent economic changes of the President's unemployment conference.

Perhaps it is unnecessary for me to note that increasing hospitalization of maternity cases is another evidence of the advancing standards of home life in America and the greater conveniences of suburban and rural living which have been conferred by the automobile and the improved highway. The extent of the selective population process which is now in progress is indicated by the following news story from *The Chicago Herald and Examiner:*

Tabulation of figures completed yesterday by Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Commissioner of Health, shows an average decline of births of 3.3 per cent in all but two American cities over 500,000 population during the months between January and April, 1927, and the corresponding months of 1928.

The tabulation was ordered by the Commissioner after the Chicago decline of 4.5 per cent was called to his attention two weeks ago. He wished to know if the decline was peculiar to Chicago.

Los Angeles and Milwaukee are the only two cities with more than 500,000 population that show an increase.

The average decline in the large cities contrasts oddly with an average increase of 6.2 per cent in smaller Illinois cities.

AND now consider the reverse side of this situation. One of the most remarkable statistical phenomena of our age is the exceedingly high birth rates of suburban communities. Evanston and Oak Park, Illinois, for instance, just outside of Chicago, have birth rates which top the tremendous birth rate of the Japanese Empire, which has been the theme of so many alarming treatises upon the yellow peril, or the rising tide of color. My attention has been called to the fact that the extraordinary birth rates of these two Chicago suburbs may be due in part to the fact that both of them happen to contain very large maternity hospitals. The suggestion is made that the birth rates are unduly expanded relative to that of the City of Chicago because children of mothers ordinarily resident in Chicago give birth to the infants in these hospitals. In view of the fact that the City of Chicago is so

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amply equipped with such hospitals, presumption on the contrary is that the extraordinarily large birth rates of Evanston and Oak Park may be due to births which ought to be credited to adjacent suburban territory, but in this case our original thesis is well sustained.

This view is confirmed by a study of "The Accuracy of the Recorded Birth Statistics in Urban and Rural Areas" by Jean Downes, in the March, 1929, number of *The Journal of the American Statistical Association*. This very careful and interesting work, which deals with Cattaraugus County, New York, and adjacent areas, shows conclusively that our birth statistics today are largely distorted so that they show a false urban birth rate and that when they are corrected by taking account of the real residence of the mother, the relatively greater birth rate of suburban and rural areas are made more significant.

These facts accord with other statistics and they all, it seems to me, disprove the allegation that natural selection has ceased in modern society. Although we have to a very large extent done away with the crude natural selection of barbaric warfare, our economic system now leads to a new form of natural selection by which that part of the population which is naturally inclined to domestic life and the rearing of children is being segregated from that part which is not possessed of this social and racial urge. The result can clearly be foreseen. Within a few generations, the American people will be a conspicuously monogamic, domestic and child-bearing population. And far from hampering the nation's advance, the machine age and the automobile, which pessimists condemn as causing degenerative materialism, will in actuality prove a virtual guaranty of the American people's biological progress.

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The South Is Building

By Charles E. Raynal

But what of the styles in which it builds? An essayist considers the ecology of Southern architecture

The South is building. Cities, factories, banks, of course — but what is more serious, the South is building homes. By the magic of wealth, under the exuberance of a new found power, a great activity has succeeded a long coma. Not now in isolated groves on old plantations or in little crossroads towns, but everywhere in developments and quarter sections by the square mile. Architects of both the house and garden varieties are features of the landscape. Every other citizen has a blue print in his hand and construction companies and nurserymen are as thick as thieves. It may not be amiss to take a look at what the South is building.

It does not matter about the cities because they are all growing up into skyscrapers and no one can restrain a little town's ambition to be like New York. The factories seem headed toward a good architecture of their own for they are being designed for what they are to do. The banks are the temples of our gods and, with the conservatism of all authentic religions, have gone back to classic models. They have towers — as if towers were really needed — that surpass the cathedrals of an older faith or porticoes that Phidias might have dreamed for Olympian Zeus. These all seem provided with plans and specifications and committed to a definite programme. But what about the homes?

Huxley once said that the pretense of a superior knowledge not based on good hard facts — fossil, vital or documentary — is "not only misleading but immoral." What was Sheraton straight and what Hepplewhite neat, only a connoisseur will say and he will be wrong, for it was all so largely a blend. Darwin and his followers, however, developed their theories of natural selection and survival on what they considered sufficient evidence.

While good architecture may be rather difficult to define and its principles of procedure not easy to determine, there are some survivals that are fit and we know them when we see them. One of the marks by which we recognize that sort of architecture is that it suits the purpose for which it was designed. Another is that ecologically and artistically, it is so adapted to

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its environment that it belongs there.

It is bad enough when a house is out of focus with the scene, but when it is out of focus with the climate, with the social customs of the people, with history itself and common sense, the situation becomes uncomfortable. This little New Hampshire house is lovely at home, embowered with elms and nestling into its native scene, but it is alien and incongruous in this landscape. It is so obviously homesick. This bungalow belongs in Bengal where it could merge with the tall grass and be lost in the jungle. In a crowded development it looks like a fungus. And this confection with a supposedly Queen Anne front, that is so Mary Ann behind, belongs to no country, age or race, and should have no issue. Their offense is both in form and fitness but the thing that renders them impossible in this habitat is the architectural ecology of the Southern States.

For instance, the Mediterranean countries, with a climate quite like our own, developed house types that were not alone the creations of art. It was largely a matter of nature. The Greek tradition dominated the northern shores and islands while the Arabic moved westward along the African littoral. The two met in Spain. In artistic form they were poles apart, but in essential conception they were strangely similar. The explanation, of course, is climate. No one can understand Mediterranean life — its history, literature or art — until he grasps the truth that it is life in the open air. So their architecture, gracious and beautiful as it was, at the same time was intensely practical. It was adapted to a region that made life out of doors desirable for nine months of the year.

The South's inheritance was so largely English that it was naturally from this source the people got their houses as well as their habits. And as England was then under the sway of the Georgian period, the South built in that character. England is in the geographic latitude of Labrador but its southern counties have, except for moisture, very much the same climate as coastal South Carolina. The same tender plants grow in the open gardens of both countries and the same architecture is appropriate.

The Georgian was a period of great artistic merit. It combined some of the most potent vitalizing forces of European culture. No one can trace all the sources of its inspiration or determine the exact phases of its development. It was Romano-Greek in origin, French in interpretation and thoroughly English in its final achievement. To its service, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent the Huguenots, and certain Royal predilections brought the Dutch. Sir Christopher Wren was there to give the new impulse direction and the Adelphi were there at the end. From Grinling Gibbons to Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton, its decorative details were served by some of the greatest workmen that ever lived. And the South inherited this tradition, liked it, imported its furniture, workmen and even some of Wren's original plans, and so built.

Then for a hundred years the world had no great creative motive in architecture. The Georgian in-

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spiration crystallized a half century before our Civil War and came to a belated end in the South with that tragedy. A period of bad taste descended on all peoples and what followed, not America alone but England and the world would like to forget. But now a new activity has begun. It is formless and without a controlling or unifying principle. Perhaps it might best be called catholic for, lacking any single inspiration, it has adopted everything in the universe. Nothing is too exquisitely refined for it and nothing too impossibly vulgar. Its most astonishing characteristic is its enormous vigor. Until some authentic creative principle arrives, however, it is our only hope — for the alternative is modernism, vorticism and Billingsgate.

Aside from money and exuberance, Southern architecture has other manifestations. It, on occasion, produces wonderfully good things. In almost every little town and even in the fashionable residence parks, there are houses that lift the despondent to new faith. Here and there can be found a house so fit and good that not England, France, or any Greek could find fault with it. May these with time increase! It is interesting that so many of these are Georgian, for the other forms have not yet been so carefully studied that their adaptation is complete. But they will be studied and their virtues composed with our needs, conditions, climate and heart's desire. The prospect from this point of view is so alluring that we want a hundred years of youth to see it all worked out. The same climate that excludes subarctic forms makes terraces and gardens possible. We can grow the Cedar of Lebanon, the Myrtle of Tempe, the olive, cypress and laurel. Azaleas, camellias and crêpe myrtles thrive in their appropriate soils and settings. Live oaks, magnolias and rhododendrons mark the stages from sea level to mountain top. Out of twenty-seven thousand cultivated plants listed by Bailey, all but a negligible minimum will grow here, and not boastfully but humbly and gratefully. It is said that no soil or climate on earth can supply a better setting for a home.

Of course, the South is also building schools and churches, and sometimes queer things happen. The colleges know better, but they need the money and are often forced to believe that art is what the donor thinks it is. Their traditions are so splendid that even this and their own Babylonian captivity to efficiency and standardization cannot spoil them altogether. The churches are in a worse case. No one seems to know what they are for and without vision there can be neither reverence nor beauty.

The homes are our immediate concern, however; and what about some of these abortions and obscenities? How did they get here? Who is responsible for them? Well, the man — or rather the woman that God gave him — who lives in them. All things considered, however, the situation is promising. Two great laws are at work though their power is not fully apprehended. The one is survival, with its merciless elimination of the unfit. The other is still more merciless, for it is education.

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The Stock Superiority Complex

By Lewis H. Haney

The follies of our recent speculative mania analyzed by a prominent economist who asks whether bonds will again come into their own

A marked characteristic of the day is the prevalence of the notion that "stocks are better than bonds." Much as the French became a nation of *rentes* holders, Americans are fairly in the way of becoming a nation of stockholders. There is a veritable psychological complex abroad in the land, a stock superiority complex! We desire to get rich quicker than we can by saving; we desire to speculate. This desire we have repressed; but now we are yielding to it, calling our speculations "investment," thus going through the familiar process of rationalization.

At once, we should note that common stocks may be very desirable and sound investments. Unquestionably, in times past, we went too far in glorifying the bond. As corporation managements have become more efficient and honest, and more information concerning corporation operations has been made available, equities in corporation assets and earnings have become sounder and have gained in investment merit. Profits appear to have become more stable, and certainly dividends are backed by larger surpluses. No one will deny a great change in these respects.

But any good idea can be overworked. It is one thing to recognize the investment merits of stocks, and another thing to buy them without regard to price or yield. It is possible to overdiscount the prospects of the best of stocks, and to attribute to all stocks merits that belong to only a few. Because some common stocks have given larger returns than bonds, it does not follow that all bonds are to be avoided.

The fundamental error, I think, lies in jumbling the two distinct factors, "capital" and "business enterprise." Capital represents investment. Invested capital is found in plant, equipment and inventories. Business enterprise, however, lies in the organization and direction of the operations of the corporation and finds expression in policies concerning purchases and sales.

Capital, as such, runs no business risks. It has a prior claim recognized in contracts and mortgages. But the essence of enterprise is risk-taking.

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It gets only what is left after the wages of labor and interest on capital are paid.

Accordingly, invested capital, because of the nature of its function, expects and receives a relatively fixed return, called interest. This, in recent years, has run from 4½ per cent to 5½ per cent. On the other hand, business enterprise, or "management," gets "profits," which vary with the success of the management. For successful concerns, profits have perhaps averaged around ten per cent. Other concerns show losses.

THE old-line corporation was wont to issue bonds in amounts roughly corresponding to the value of its secure, invested capital, and to sell common stocks on the basis of earning power. Thus, bond interest was largely "interest" on invested capital, and dividends on stocks were largely the "profits" of business enterprise.

Now suppose that such a corporation were to retire its bonds and issue stock in their place. Stock would then represent both invested capital and enterprise. The dividends on the stock would be composed of two parts, one the return on capital, or interest, and the other, the profits of enterprise.

The point is that, while the stockholder would then receive in dividends that part of the corporation's earnings which had formerly gone to bonds, and which was relatively secure, he would still run the enterpriser's risks as to the remainder. He would be part investor and part speculator.

It is characteristic of the stock superiority complex that the stockholder has come to believe that his dividends are as safe as interest on bonds, and that they may accordingly be capitalized at as low a rate as bonds yield. Thus we find stocks selling at prices such that their dividends give an average yield of only 3.7 per cent, while high grade bonds actually yield over 4.5 per cent.

Already the reader is objecting that this is not the point, but that the advantage of "investing" in stocks is that they will so rise in price that the increase in their value will make the current dividend yield of minor importance.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. To forego a fair normal current return for the sake of hoped-for enhancement of principal, is speculation pure and simple. It is not investment, for it takes a chance on the future at the expense of safety in the present.

WE of the present generation need to be reminded that even in our own day stocks do not always rise. At the end of 1928, well over one-third of all stocks traded in during the year were lower than at the beginning. Even today, many stocks are considerably below the levels reached in early 1928, including many oil, leather, paper, equipment, railway, motor, department store, and sulphur company stocks. To say that these movements were foreseen is a sort of "rationalization" — what of those who bought?

One aspect of the complex is the unwillingness to see that if a continuous long-term enhancement were really a certainty, it would promptly be discounted in the market. If the

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amount of enhancement were known, it would be regarded as a part of the certain income over the period involved, and the price of the stock would become the discounted value of that income.

To the extent that the enhancement is probable, it is true that the stock becomes desirable as an investment, but to the same extent it ceases to be available at a price that will allow the purchaser to secure the gain from this source.

Put in another way, the amount of the rise in a stock (excluding manipulation) measures the extent to which its future had not been foreseen, and when the future is not foreseen it is uncertain.

CLEARLY, the matter remains one of risk taking. No one knows, but it is my impression that during the past six months for every "investor" in common stocks who has done better than receive bond interest, there is at least one who has done worse. This would be the more true if due allowance were made for management charges — time, worry, skill, etc.

Anyone who suggests that the present attitude towards stocks, considered as a whole, is unsound and abnormal, is told that times have changed. So persistent has the rising trend of the stock market been, that we have had the spectacle of a recantation of the "old barometers" by a prominent forecaster. This is a new era!

But it is as true as ever that business profits by their very nature can not have the certainty and security of interest on invested capital. The essence of enterprise is risk taking. And it follows that the application of a lower capitalization rate to stock dividends than exists for bond interest, can not persist. In some ways, a good many stocks may be better than bonds, but, even granting that, it does not follow that their value can normally be based on as low a rate.

THREE points are stressed by those who favor stocks for investment; "careful selection", "soundly managed companies", and "diversification". Stripped of confusion, this means that if one is able to determine what companies are honestly and efficiently managed, and if one is able to buy their stocks when they are cheap, one can, by purchasing a sufficient number, count on holding a winner. Even so, however, it is admitted to be highly desirable to pay for the services of "investment counsel" or to resort to some investment trust, whose management (for a charge) will wisely shift from the less profitable issues to the more profitable ones.

In short, even the devotees admit that successful stock market operations require a good deal of skill in risk taking. The idea really comes to this: we now know how to beat the game — we can win in the stock market.

We find a well known professor of economics writing that stock risks may be "partly" neutralized by buying ten different stocks, so that if the buyer loses on one or two, he may offset his losses by gains on one or two others. Of course, the need of such "diversification" is in itself an admission of the difficulty of forecasting price movements. But, aside from that, what particular attraction

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lies in merely offsetting losses with gains?

The basic notion is that stocks appreciate in value. No matter how low the current dividend yield, the thought runs, the stockholder will gain enough through advancing prices to compensate him. But a little analysis shows that there are two alternative assumptions involved in all this: (1) either we must assume that the "investor" buys the stock "right" (at some low point), or (2) we must assume that stocks in general will advance *ad infinitum*. If we do not make the latter assumption, we must at least believe that some stocks will always rise and that stockholders have at last become so omniscient that they can adroitly shift from stocks that reach their maximum levels to others that are cheap.

But, if the first assumption applies, it is obvious that the goodness of stocks depends upon their cheapness, and upon success in a speculative operation. It implies that stocks may not be "a good buy" at times. Incidentally, too, it implies that for everyone who is right in buying a stock, someone may have been wrong in selling it.

The second assumption can hardly be confronted squarely. No one would claim that all stocks will advance indefinitely, though even now many issues selling at from twenty to thirty times their earnings are said to be "due for much higher levels".

No, we must sell stocks when they get too high, and buy others. Any experienced trader knows that much risk is involved in attempting to pick the tops and the bottoms in the stock market. But, aside from that, the question to be emphasized is, who is going to buy those too high stocks? Surely not any other astute "investor" of the new school! Surely it is not possible for "investment counsel" to err! Evidently, then, the new safe-as-bonds régime involves the existence of a convenient reserve supply of gullible, uninitiated persons who, when a shift is to be made, come to the rescue as shiftees.

The scheme can not be generalized.

The horrors of gambling on changes in commodity prices are described to the prospective buyer of bonds. The common argument runs to the effect that rising commodity prices mean a lower purchasing power for fixed money incomes such as bonds give. But why assume rising prices? Prices are not rising now and have not been rising for at least three years. Why not think of the time when falling prices will increase the buying power of the bondholder's dollar, and at the same time, perhaps decrease the stockholder's dividends? Must we repress this idea as a "negative suggestion"?

It is perhaps worthy of note that the discovery that stocks are better investments than bonds was made during the period of post-war inflation, when most stocks were increasing in price. It is easy enough to bring "statistical proof", based on experience in such a period, that stocks bring better results than bonds.

A consideration that should drive home the point that the stocks of most companies are speculations, while the bonds of the same companies are often investments, is this:

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If the present and prospective dividends on any stock were to become as certain as bond interest, the stock would soon be bid up to such a price that the yield would be as low as the bond yield, and the stock's price would be governed by interest rates, as are investment bond prices. The stockholder's income would then be just as subject to the effect of commodity prices.

To the extent that stocks become investments, strictly speaking, they become like bonds.

I wonder how much of the stock-superiority complex is a sort of "escape" for those who really want to speculate — those who have become tired of saving and investing. The pertinence of this query is suggested by the frequency with which, of late, prominent persons have attacked the old-fashioned virtue of saving.

OF COURSE, all this suggests the "times have changed" retort — the same retort that we elders hear when we point out the eternal verities to our children. Particularly, the creditor-nation notion should receive analysis. This would require more space than is now available. It may be pointed out, however, that our conditions are now very different from those that surrounded England when she became a creditor nation in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. England was then the only machine nation, and she had a virtual monopoly of coal and iron. She was the sea carrier for the world. She had extensive colonies. She adopted free trade!

It may well be maintained that our position as a creditor nation is an incidental result of our prosperity, and that our prosperity itself would be more solidly founded were less credit involved. Anyhow, a creditor who must continually extend credit in order to support his debtors is in no very happy condition, particularly when he will not accept payment in goods and services. In the second half of 1928, as the speculative craze grew and money rates rose, our foreign loans fell off sharply and new foreign loans are now few. It is yet to be seen whether this development will not reduce our exports. Certainly the trend was downward in April and May.

WE FORGET that mergers may mean more stock, and not more productivity. We have confused the expansions of a few large companies with the total or general situation. Also we have confused expansion of sales with expansion of profits. It remains to be seen whether the growth of certain chain store organizations will bring proportionate net earnings. It does not follow, because the trend of business is upward, that the trend of earnings per share will be likewise.

Over against the mergers increased exports, growing population, and multiplication of new products, which the prophets of the new era visualize, we must set the possibility of anti-trust law enforcement, increased European competition, retaliation to tariff measures, high money, declining price levels, and limited purchasing power. Already we read of the newer competition, which seeks to induce the consumer to use cigarettes in place of candy, or brass instead of steel.

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We can no more count upon an indefinite expansion of profits than upon an indefinite rise in stock prices. In fact, we can not count on the one *because* the other is not a certainty.

This is not pessimism, though the golden mean always seems displeasing to those at either extreme.

One result of the stock era has been the development of huge loans to stock brokers, notably from non-bank sources. This volume of loans exists because money rates are temptingly high, while the return on invested capital is very low. This means that the call loan market pays better than does capital invested in plant, equipment, and inventories. The situation exists because, for the time, more money can be made by speculating in stocks of corporations than by investing in stocks of goods. It will exist only as long as it is more profitable to employ funds in anticipating future business expansion than to employ them in expanding the businesses in the present.

Corporations are able to sell stocks and "rights" at such high prices (and such low yields) that it pays them to increase their capitalization, but not their invested capital. They get money in this way at from two per cent to four per cent and then lend it out at seven per cent to fifteen per cent. It does not pay to put it into plants that may already represent over-capacity, and that return less than four per cent *on the invested capital* at the present basis of valuation.

And then the surplus funds thus raised are used to finance speculation — to carry stock prices still higher and yields lower. Truly a vicious circle.

Such is the situation today. Something like this, probably, has occurred in most periods of prolonged stock market inflation.

Finally, yields become so low (say 3½ per cent) and the cost of money for speculation so high (say 10 per cent) that a readjustment is necessary. Then credit strain causes the calling of loans, and stock prices collapse. Money becomes cheaper and yields rise, till equilibrium is restored. Of course, the ultimate decline in money rates leads to the withdrawal of funds from the market. Business recession and declining profits usually accompany the process, so that finally the funds contributed by stock purchasers are drawn upon to pay dividends and to meet current operating expenses. Thus the overgrown surpluses and the stockholders' equities are reduced.

As the call loan market loses its attractiveness and the yields on stocks increase, the time comes when the surplus funds of corporations are used to purchase securities. (Corporations may even buy in their own securities — or those of subsidiaries — at reduced prices, thus returning to "investors" a part of the money they lent at 3½ per cent!) But that time may be postponed much longer than is commonly supposed, for investors have a way of waiting until after the bottom of a declining market has been pretty definitely established.

Then the bond comes back into its own. Investment motives replace speculation. A catharsis breaks the stock superiority complex.

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All this, however, is as it may be, — it is "if, as and when". My point is that it is high time to call a halt on the process of breaking down the distinction between speculation and investment; for, in breaking down this distinction, we are forgetting not only an important difference between bonds and stocks, but even the difference between investment stocks and speculative stocks.

THERE are stocks that are true investments. Also there are bonds that are true speculations. All depends on the safety of the principal and the certainty of the income. The stock of a firmly established, conservatively capitalized, and well managed company that is in a strong financial position, and well entrenched competitively in a stable or growing industry, may have an excellent investment rating. The bonds of a company that confronts compulsory reorganization may be highly speculative. But the bonds of the first company are probably more truly investments than its stocks. And the stocks of the second company are probably more highly speculative than its bonds.

So the questions are: (1) What stocks are investment stocks? (2) Are investment stocks better than investment bonds?

As to the first question, if the stock is the issue of a profitable company having the qualifications just mentioned, and is available at a price such that its earnings (and surplus) allow the conservative payment of a dividend that yields as much as the average return on invested capital, it is an investment stock. To the extent that its price is higher or lower than this with relation to earnings (and surplus), it is speculative. No matter how sound the company, its stock may be forced so high that it reaches a level from which a large decline is easily possible, if not probable. The stock is then in a speculative position, a position that it would never have reached but for preceding speculation. One phenomenon characteristic of the past year is found in the number of corporation presidents who felt compelled to issue statements designed to warn investors that their stocks were not worth the prices to which they had been forced by speculative rumors and manipulation.

THE answer to the second question depends upon circumstances. Goodness is relative. In periods of inflation or rising commodity prices, investment stocks are apt to do better than investment bonds. In periods of deflation or falling commodity prices, however, investment bonds are just as apt to do better than investment stocks. There is no eternal rule. All depends upon the time, the place, and the stock.

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Alms of Obligation

By Arthur Styron

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the crest of the hill. To the east was Konia, the ancient capital of the Turkish Empire to the end of the Seljuk dynasty. It lay in the valley, dingy and sun-baked. We were tired, for we had travelled far that hot and trying day.

"We shall rest on the slope tonight," decided Mohammed, my guide and travelling companion. "I know a monastery close by where the good dervishes will welcome us. Konia" — indicating the white city in the valley — "is not so near as it seems, and furthermore there is no hotel there."

He led the way through a thick olive orchard, and in a few minutes we came in sight of the monastery whose roof, and that of an adjoining mosque, could barely be seen above the enclosing stone walls.

We were at once admitted into the courtyard. In the centre stood a fountain around which fluttered hundreds of pigeons. Beautiful mastic trees gave forth a resinous odor and their branches, in the dying twilight, threw dancing shadows on the white-washed walls. The small mosque, built of gaily colored tiles, faced the fountain, and behind it stretched the monastery, ugly and squat. On either side of the fountain was a tall staff, tipped with a brass ball surmounted by star and crescent, from which fluttered the holy banners.

We had hardly time to examine our surroundings before the father superior came to greet us — a tall, white-haired, dignified old man, who made as if to cup the dust from the ground and place it on his head in abject humility before his so-distinguished guests. (The Turk has beautiful manners!) In a few words we explained our situation, and just as briefly the old man bade us welcome.

"We are but poor dervishes," he said in the beautiful, liquid dialect of the region, "but to such as we have, be you welcome."

He bade us be seated by the playing fountain in the shade of a mastic tree, whilst he brewed coffee over a handful of charcoal in an ancient and battered brazier. When we had drunk our coffee I begged to be allowed to see the monastery.

"Soon it will be dark," I apologized, "and tomorrow we must leave at sunrise."

As I anticipated, there was little of interest to see. The Turk is not imaginative, and the traces of the past are largely those left by the practice of the economic arts. In the mosque were the *turbehs*, or tombs, of the patriarchs, the stones covered

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with gold plates and the turbans of the departed. On each stood a lamp, ready filled with oil, for use on the Day of Resurrection.

Between the mosque and the monastery, and connecting the two, was a narrow room, a sort of enclosed court. It was entirely bare save for many fantastic draperies embroidered in the beautifully accurate calligraphy common in the Orient, which hung on the walls. This room, the superior explained, was the dancing court of the dervishes, the place where for many centuries they had done their whirling.

"And when they die they are buried here," he added. "See!" He lifted one of the heavy draperies and showed us where the stones had been reset in the wall.

We entered the monastery through a door on the opposite side of the room and the old man pointed out the quarters we should occupy that night. The building was mean and bare, and of no particular interest, and I indicated that I was ready to return to the courtyard.

We were proceeding down the passageway when suddenly one of the cell doors was thrown violently open. I caught a fleeting glance of a young man, clothed in the loose robe of the order, and of wild, terror-stricken eyes, when he was quickly seized from behind and jerked back, and the door slammed.

"Who was that?" I asked the superior.

"He was one of our number," said the old man gently.

"He looks ill. Is anything the matter?"

The father superior hesitated a moment. Then, "He is not ill. He is *dead*," he said.

I should have said no more, but my inordinate curiosity got the better of me. "I do not understand," I pursued. "Why do you say he is dead?"

"He was a wild boy," said the old man in the same gentle voice. "He defied authority and blasphemed the Holy Book. Now he is . . . dead."

The sun was sinking. The sweet, plaintive voice of the hodja was calling from the minaret the hour of prayer. The dervishes hurriedly finished their ablutions and went into the mosque. Mohammed deserted me to join his brethren, and I sat alone under the mastic tree listening to the drone of their voices and watching, through the open doorway, the rhythmic swaying of their bodies as they bowed towards Mecca.

After prayers a boy came bearing a tray of supper — boiled eggs, curdled milk, dried curd cheese, thin unleavened barley cakes, fruit. I ate alone, Mohammed having joined the dervishes at their meal. It was quite dark when at length he came to me.

"It is time for bed, Pasha," he said.

"I have been thinking of that young man who is . . . dead. What did the father superior mean, Mohammed?"

"What he told us, Pasha," said Mohammed stolidly. "The Mevlevi are very strict. There is only the spirit, they say. When that is dead, all is finished."

"What will they do with him?"

"How can we know, Pasha?" said Mohammed indifferently. "We

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are not Mevlevi." I smiled, for Mohammed was rebuking my curiosity. "It is time for bed, Pasha," he repeated.

"Very well," I said, "go to bed. I shall take a walk."

Mohammed shrugged his shoulders and disappeared. For a while longer I sat silent, then rose and wandered through the gate, out among the olive trees.

"What have you not seen, you wise old trees?" I thought. "You are probably old enough to remember when the Roman soldiers tramped beneath you."

I MADE my way to the crest of the hill overlooking Konia. In the moonlight the bleak, stratified hills were bathed in quicksilver. The sky, always marvellously clear in this locality, was fretted with golden fire. No wonder this was a fatalistic race; here one could feel the tragedy of "worlds rushing on to decay."

How long I remained on the crest, gazing down upon the ancient city of Konia, I do not know, but it must have been hours. For when at last I tore myself away from the witchery of the spot and returned to the monastery, I found the gate locked! The dervishes must have thought I had gone to bed.

What should I do? Sleep in the orchard? I remembered the snakes and poisonous insects, and decided that would be unwise. Sit up all night on the crest? Without a coat I should have frozen — for it gets very cold here in the mountains of central Turkey. Besides, I needed sleep if I was to journey on at sunrise. Ring the bell? I did not like to awaken the tired dervishes, and besides they probably would not hear. . . .

For a few moments I debated with myself. Then I circled the high walls until I came to the mosque. Here the wall ended, the side of the mosque serving as a barrier. And I was rewarded! One of the small windows was ajar. I could just reach the ledge with my fingers. By springing I finally got a grasp and drew myself up. In another moment I was in the mosque, congratulating myself upon my good fortune. Thin fingers of moonlight stretched across the floor. I quickly oriented myself and made for the dervishes' dancing court. The door was open and I passed in.

But there a disappointment awaited me. When I tried the door leading into the monastery it was locked! I returned to the mosque and tried the entrance, but that too was barred. There was no choice left. Sleeping on the hard floor of the mosque was not especially appealing, but at any rate it was preferable to the cold and the snakes and the insects. Fortunately there were plenty of prayer-rugs, and rolled in these I soon fell fast asleep. . . .

I DO not know how long I slept before I was awakened by a harsh, grating sound. I sat up. Again the sound came to me, and this time I traced it to the door between the monastery and dancing court. The bolt was slowly and cautiously being raised. Someone was coming into the court. But why the stealth?

Rising, I crept to the door between the mosque and the court. In the moonlight I could faintly make out the door across the room. I waited breathlessly.

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The grating sound continued, and in a few moments I heard the door creak as it swung slowly open. The next instant a dark figure stepped into the court and glanced cautiously around. Then he advanced, motioning to someone behind. Another figure entered, then another; and soon, to my amazement, a procession of dervishes was advancing into the room. There were ten, fifteen, of them. The leading figure began to chant something from the Koran; I recognized the voice of the father superior.

"God is God. . . . Go straight to Him and implore His pardon. . . . And woe to those who join gods with God. . . . Who pay not the alms of obligation, and in the life to come believe not. . . ."

As they advanced into the room I saw that six men were bearing some sort of burden, which almost immediately I discovered was a human body. A burial! And at midnight!

THE procession passed through an arm of moonlight within a few yards of where I was standing, hidden by a pillar, and in that brief interval I caught a glimpse of the corpse. What strange freak of fancy possessed me? Could those wild, frightened, rolling eyes belong to a dead man? Why the bandage across his mouth? Any why those heavy cords upon his arms and ankles? . . . There was something strangely familiar about him . . . the waving, glossy hair. . . .

In another moment the procession had passed on to the end of the court, and I saw the dervishes removing one of the heavy draperies. Behind it was a yawning hole . . . the grave already prepared.

The chanting ceased, and I heard the low voice of the hodja in prayer. He ceased; the body was lifted to be put in the grave. I leant forward to see better.

COULD I believe my eyes? The corpse was struggling violently! To my horrified mind the struggle seemed all the more terrible in that dreadful darkness and stillness, for from his tightly bandaged mouth no sound came. . . . Then I recognized him . . . the young man who was — dead!

Trembling in every limb, with cold sweat pouring down my back, I staggered to my prayer-rug in the mosque and dropped down. . . . I must have swooned. . . .

When I recovered Mohammed was shaking me. "Was it a dream?" I cried.

"Were you dreaming, Pasha?" said Mohammed. "We must hurry. Soon the sun will rise, and they will be coming for prayer."

"It must have been a dream," I shuddered. In a few words I described how I had been locked out, and what I had seen, or dreamed, in the mosque.

Mohammed stood, quiet and grim, gazing at me. His face was very grave. "We must hurry, Pasha," he said again. "It would not be good to have them know you slept here."

"My God!" I cried. "You do not — cannot — think it was more than a dream?"

Mohammed shrugged his shoulders. "How do I know? But remember, Pasha, this is not Europe but a very old, very primitive part of Turkey. People are — as they were. . . . We must leave at once."

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I reflected that Mohammed was right. In this wild, deserted region, up in these desolate hills, it was not for a Westerner to question the customs of centuries. "Very well," I told him, "get the things ready. I will join you immediately in the olive orchard." Without another word Mohammed left.

I was alone in the mosque. At any moment the hodja's voice might start calling the dervishes in. . . . Swiftly I made my way to the dancing court. The heavy draperies hung on the walls, as if they had been undisturbed throughout the centuries. I located the one that I thought had been removed the night before. I approached it. I was so near I could have touched it.

Cautiously I stole a look around. No one was in the mosque. I hastily ran my hand beneath the drapery and felt the wall. . . . The plaster there was wet and cold! It had been placed there only a few hours before!

I turned and fled blindly from the mosque, through the courtyard, into the orchard where Mohammed was waiting . . . just as the hodja's thin cry came floating from the minaret, calling the hour of prayer.

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Our Vanishing Farm Lands

By Hugh Hammond Bennett

"At least 17,500,000 acres of farm land have been destroyed by erosion in this country and the present annual loss to farmers is more than $200,000,000"

Again wrathful waters have marched down the streams of America. Again, lives have been lost and property has been damaged or destroyed to the extent of millions of dollars. Houses have been swept at midnight down flooded valleys, livestock drowned, and watersheds stripped of productive soil.

Floods in Alabama, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; floods in the Mohawk Valley of New York; floods in Tennessee, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Wisconsin; and again the Father of Waters has piled converging torrents dangerously high within his banks, with no one knowing how high the threatening rise would be nor what damage it might spread across the great valley. Millions have read for the first time the names of inconsequential streamlets: Tight Eye Creek, Murder Creek and Persimmon Creek in southern Alabama; White's Creek, Little Duck River and Emery River in Tennessee — streams that recently have taken the lives of many people and wrought vast damage to property.

Tomorrow we shall have forgotten, as most of us have now forgotten the essential facts of the great flood that swept down the Mississippi two years ago, when that mighty stream carried the greatest volume of flood water of which we have reliable record, took the lives of 231 human beings and caused a property loss estimated at more than $350,000,000. Nevertheless, this havoc may recur at any time.

Floods belong to the natural order of things. From the remotest days of recorded history, mankind the world over has stood in awe of the sweeping fury and ruthless destructiveness of angry waters. In America, floods are becoming more frequent, and this phenomenon is not difficult to understand when we look carefully into the causes.

A contributing cause to the greater frequency of floods, and one that weighs heavily upon American agriculture, is the unrestrained erosion of the land by abrasive rainwater. The damage which has been done by this agency is so enormous that the mind is incapable of comprehending its significance. With our vast area of

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farm land and our rapidly expanding industrial life we have not concerned ourselves about the situation; have not recognized it nor thought of it. We have felt perfectly safe, not only about our agricultural lands but about our timber supply. Already the folly of our complacency in considering the supply of wood inexhaustible is giving serious concern to those who are looking ahead. We still have among us buoyant optimists who think, or profess to think, and vociferously assert that we have a lasting supply of timber. They undertake to console us with the comforting references to a recent timber harvest that has actually exceeded the demand and then, to brim the cup of comfort, they inform us that the vast forests of the Pacific Northwest have scarcely been touched.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago that same false picture was painted with reference to the great yellow pine belt of the South. Now, with the exception of a few isolated tracts, that vast forest is gone. Where formerly were magnificent stands of longleaf pine, millions of denuded acres lie idle and subject to wasteful fires. Reforestation is checked or prevented entirely on millions of acres and the humus layer that would protect the sloping areas from excessive rainwash is destroyed or prevented from forming.

It has been much the same with the white pine of the New England and Lake States, and the hardwoods of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Maryland. Now the cutting has been completed over large portions of the southern Appalachians. It was practically completed in the foothills to the east and west long ago. That we are cutting our remaining stands four times faster than timber is growing, that we are still using wood in our daily life for a thousand purposes, are importing lumber from the tropics for our furniture factories, and are procuring 41 per cent of our annual supply of wood pulp, and wood pulp equivalent, from Canada and another 14 per cent from other countries, evidently means little to those cheerful optimists who see no danger to our timber supply.

WHAT about the even more dangerous erosion of farm and grazing lands of the nation? Not so many years ago we were told with gleeful assurance that the soil was our one immutable, inexhaustible resource. When we have studied the situation with open eyes it becomes painfully apparent that the soundest part of this gem of intended wisdom is the rhythm of its meter.

The facts are that all the soil we cultivate and graze is susceptible to change by erosion and that much of it is susceptible, not only to rapid exhaustion, but to absolute destruction. Erosion affects the physical character of the earth's surface more than the activities of all other natural and artificial agencies combined — more than volcanoes, earthquakes, tornadoes, tidal waves and the excavations of burrowing animals and trench-digging human beings. More than eight-tenths of the surface of this country is underlaid by sedimentary rocks that extend in many places to depths exceeding ten thousand feet. It is not uncommon to drill into these beds of water-formed materials more than four thousand

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feet in search of oil. It was erosion that whittled out the valleys of the country and trenched their slopes with picturesque glens and canyons. It was the same process that carved the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Bryce Canyon and the pinnacles of the Bad Lands. Thus, while the ancients were building temples to the sun, Mother Nature was erecting some elaborately magnificent structures in her own style of architecture.

Immeasurable as has been the work of abrading water through the countless ages of geologic time, however, it is not this slower type of soil removal that appals those who observe and understand conditions on our farms and ranges. It is the accentuated soil washing following the destruction of forests and their soil-saving leaf-mold, the removal of herbaceous and shrub growths, the breaking of the matted prairie grasses, and the loosening of the soil by farming implements and by domestic animals that give us greatest concern.

BAD as the situation is, the country, nevertheless, is not on the verge of a land shortage. We are still producing surpluses of some crops in years of favorable seasons. Probably we shall be able to produce ample food to meet the requirements of an increasing population for a considerable time to come, even with the wasting of farm and grazing lands continuing.

It is not the threat of a land shortage that we are most concerned with at the moment, although the available estimates of soil losses are discouraging. It is, rather, the necessity of discovering ways and means for recovery from existing unhealthy conditions. A forerunner of what may be done is the appropriation made by the last Congress through an amendment offered to the Agriculture Bill by Representative Buchanan of Texas, providing $160,000 for studying, devising and installing effective methods of erosion control in the various vulnerable parts of the country. This was the first important step the Government has taken to put chains on the giant that is devastating our agricultural lands.

SAYS Representative Buchanan, in this connection:

"We have in our midst a master criminal, a gigantic thief, a highwayman. I want you to act as a jury, listen to the evidence, render a righteous verdict upon the destructive depredations of this, the master criminal of our age, and by your verdict not only find this criminal guilty, but condemn the inaction and neglect of the governments of States and Nation in not sooner apprehending and condemning to eternal confinement this master criminal, thereby stopping his depredation. The name of this master criminal is soil erosion.

"If the priceless heritage transmitted to us by our forefathers is to be preserved unmarred, and by us transmitted to our children, we must control our surface water and conserve our soil. The three most valuable gifts of God to man are soil, sunshine and rain. They constitute the earthly trinity, absolutely essential to the existence of man. If any one is destroyed, then our civilization and our people will perish from the earth."

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It is incontestably true that land impoverishment, chiefly by erosion, has caused the downfall of nations and probably the disappearance of some civilizations. What has happened to much of China is a record of terrifying import, told in terms of destroyed land, famines and millions stricken with dire poverty. Until recently many historians have explained that exhaustion of man power in wars of conquest caused the decadence of the Roman Empire. But a factor of equal or even greater importance was a terrific decline in the productivity of her agricultural lands. Excepting the fertile lowlands of the Po and the strip of coastal plain on the west, most of the land is now thin and poor and has been for many centuries. Every vestige of soil has been swept from numerous areas. The treeless and rocky lands that were clothed with forests centuries before Christ are so parched in summer that crops have insufficient moisture for growth. Approximately the same situation has existed since Roman times.

THE consequence of this waste of a natural resource — of soil lost by unrestrained erosion, of devastated forests, of streams run dry or choked with silt — is so clearly revealed in the impoverished lands throughout the world that no American, comprehending the danger, will refuse to join in national combat against the evil that lowered the Roman standard from its high place, brought depopulation to Asia Minor, afflicted much of China with indescribable poverty, and is now adding rapidly to our already large area of abandoned farm land and devegetated ranges.

Although we still are in no immediate danger, we actually have arrived very near the limit of supply with respect to good farm land. Our better agricultural lands have been in use for some time. Future expansion must be, for the greater part, on poorer soil — the kind economists designate marginal and submarginal lands. Yet, present practices on most farms are encouraging rather than discouraging impairment of the soil by slow surface washing and rapid gullying. This wastage is proceeding in some degree on practically all lands steep enough for water to run downhill. Run-off water from fields and closely grazed pastures and ranges is always discolored with soil material picked up from the surface, the richest part of the land.

IN SUB-HUMID Texas, on some of our best cotton land, it was found by measurement that in one year 40 tons of soil matter were actually washed from an acre of unprotected ground having a slope of only two feet in a hundred. Also, approximately one-fourth of the rainfall ran off the land. The seriousness of such losses becomes the more apparent when it is considered that the average precipitation in the region is only 21 inches and there is an additional loss of about 25 per cent of the rainfall by evaporation of light showers. More than 75 per cent of the crop land of the United States is steeper than this Texas slope which lost so much of its soil and water into the drainage system of the Gulf of Mexico. Although all lands are not so erosive as this Texas area, some, on the other hand, are even more vulnerable. For example, a single rainy

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period in the fall of 1927 swept out of thousands of fields in northeastern Kansas more than 40 tons of soil per acre, along with most of the young grain that was growing on the land. The wastage was repeated in the fall of 1928. A decade of crop rotation would not correct the damage which was done these splendid grain lands by a few days of heavy rainfall.

A SURVEY has shown that not less than half of the land now in cultivation in this country is subject to damaging rainwash. Half of this area, or more, is being washed so destructively that farms are being abandoned every year because the soil has been made too thin by erosion or gullying to warrant further cultivation. The damage is taking place so gradually in many sections, each rain sweeping a film of soil from the surface of entire fields, that farmers frequently are unconscious of the process, ascribing their diminishing yields to soil impoverishment by the crops removed. When unproductive clay spots and even bare rock appear here and there over the slopes, it is too late in many instances to remedy the situation. Consequently the land is abandoned to pasture, weeds, brush or whatever trees will grow on it. Some of these worn areas have been so dissected with gullies which divide like the ribs of a leaf that the land not only can not be tilled but can not be reclaimed.

In a single county of the southern Piedmont region, the rolling plateau country lying east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, 91,000 acres of land formerly cultivated and considered good soil have been classed and mapped by a Federal survey as rough gullied land without agricultural value. Centuries of rock decay would be required to restore this devastated area to arability.

In another county not far from this one 73,000 acres, once farmed, now have no agricultural value. Much of this land has but little value even for growing pine trees. About forty years ago a schoolhouse stood where now chasms a hundred feet deep ramify the countryside.

A recent survey has shown that 86 per cent of the upland in a former fertile valley tributary to the Missouri River, in northeastern Kansas, has lost from 8 to 40 inches of soil since it was cleared forty-two years ago. Among a few clumps of trees left standing by the axemen the original deep, rich, humus-filled soil is still preserved. It was the depth of this virgin woodland that furnished the standard for measuring the wastage that has taken place over all the cleared areas, now an ugly spectacle of impoverished fields and devastated orchards in a valley once charmingly beautiful and as productive as any part of the nation.

DURING the past decade valuable dairy farms in southwestern Wisconsin have been gullied beyond any possibility of reclamation. Sixty per cent of the farms in one large county of this section have suffered severely as a consequence of uncontrolled gullies and surface wasting. If the wastage were confined to the one county, we might forget it, perhaps, as an unfortunate instance; but the same thing, or an approximation of it, pertains to fourteen other counties in the southwestern part of that

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State, and to still other counties to the south in Illinois and across the Mississippi River in Minnesota.

Fully 75 per cent of our vast western grazing lands are undergoing the same kind of depreciation, following excessive grazing. The region so affected extends from the Pecos River in Texas to California, and from Mexico into Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon. Entire valleys which, when the country was settled, were richly carpeted with grama and other valuable grazing plants, have been so ripped to pieces, so ruthlessly despoiled, that not a sprig of vegetation can be found over acres of ground. Only in old graveyards and other protected spots can one find anything like virgin conditions of plant life and soil cover.

W. R. CHAPLINE, the range expert of the United States Forest Service, says of the situation:

"Following 1870 there was a rapid expansion of the range livestock industry in the West, especially in sheep raising. By the late 'Seventies the expansion in cattle was in full swing and pressed on with prospects for a rich harvest. As numbers of livestock increased the palatable forage plants were grazed closer and closer, and their vigor was sapped. Instead of thick grass knee deep, of which the early stockmen speak, there were shorter and sparser grass blades and stems; finally many of the plants gave up the struggle, and the stand was thinned. The less valuable plants were then grazed more severely, until they too were practically eliminated. The hungry animals in their search for feed trampled the range, destroying plant roots and packing the soil. The ranges became dust beds. Residents of Utah tell of being able to count the herds of sheep on the mountains by the dust clouds rising as the sheep trailed through the country. Under such conditions there was nothing to check the rain as it fell; the more compact soil could not absorb the water, which ran off and was quickly converted to a slimy mass of flowing mud. Shoe-string gullies started and speedily gained depth, while the main drainage channels became raging torrents. The rich friable surface soil was washed away and the heavy clay subsoil exposed.

"THE regulation of grazing within the national forests and the consolidation of private holdings have greatly reduced the area of range overgrazed, but extensive areas throughout the West are still deteriorating through excessive or otherwise improper grazing use. The most serious situation at present exists on the 196,000,000 acres of unappropriated and unreserved Federal lands with their unfenced, intermingled State and private lands, where grazing can not now be legally controlled. Much of this public domain lies in the foothills and should furnish the abundant spring and fall feed essential to profitable livestock production. Drought and overgrazing, however, are seriously impairing the feed and watershed values of large expanses of these important Federal lands by robbing them, through erosion, of the soil material necessary to maintain a productive covering."

The best estimates show that at least 17,500,000 acres of land for-

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merly cultivated in this country have been permanently destroyed or so damaged that farmers, working alone, are unable to restore them to agricultural use. This permanently devastated area exceeds the total extent of arable land in Japan. Unfortunately it dwindles to insignificance in comparison with the enormous area of our lands which has been reduced by surface washing to a condition of comparative infertility or advanced poverty.

AT LEAST 126,000,000,000 pounds of potential plant food are being washed out of our fields every year. This loss exceeds the net loss in the crops removed by twenty-one times. Furthermore, the plant food taken by crops can be restored in the form of fertilizers; that taken by running water can not be restored, for water takes not only the plant food but the soil that contains it.

The value of the loss in potential plant food alone amounts to $2,000,000,000 annually. Of this there is practically conclusive evidence that at least $200,000,000 is an actual, tangible yearly loss to the farmer. Part of this washed soil is spread over alluvial plains, where it is generally not needed and frequently damages the land while vast amounts pass out to tidewater. The Mississippi alone handles every year 428,000,000 tons of this traffic in wastage. But this is only part of the story.

When the topsoil, the rich surface layer formed by the slow processes of Nature, is washed off, comparatively infertile subsoil takes its place. This the farmer must now till or abandon. Not only is the exposed material less productive, but it is stiffer, more expensive to plow, and requires heavier implements and stronger draft for tillage operations. This subsoil is less retentive of moisture, and crops suffer on it more during dry seasons. Also, water flows across the denuded slopes faster, and erosion is more rapid than when the spongy topsoil was present. This washing adds silt and sand to the floods of swollen streams, and valuable alluvial plains and lower slopes are buried beneath unproductive sand, gravel, and cobbles, or finer material that is not needed.

In one place 40 acres of highly productive Missouri River bottom land were covered 8 feet deep in ten years with silt pouring out of small streams from the neighboring uplands. The farmer had built an 8-foot dyke to hold the débris out of his productive corn fields. The entire area back of the dyke was filled level with its top. Deposition had taken place at the rate of 1,200 tons per acre per year.

ALONG Buffalo River in west-central Wisconsin a gully leading down from an erstwhile good farm, now dissected beyond the point of usefulness, recently laid down over the bottom lands of an adjacent valley farm 8 feet of unproductive, loose sand during a single heavy rain. Fifty acres of rich soil were covered, as well as an excellent highway with its culverts, and a tractor, a mowing machine, hay rake and wagon.

Irrigation ditches, reservoirs and stream channels are being filled with mud, gravel and silt. As a consequence navigation is impeded or along many streams is prevented.

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Large expenditures are necessary to remove the deposits from rivers, harbors and irrigation ditches. As yet, no method has been devised for clearing reservoirs of the solid débris, which takes up the space intended for water.

FORTY years ago Coldwater River, in the lower Mississippi Valley, was a navigable stream. Cotton was loaded on riverboats which steamed up to the town of Coldwater. Following the wholesale clearing and cultivation of the regional uplands, including much soil of high susceptibility to erosion, increased floods gradually caused the river channel to choke with sand and silt. Today no boats of any description can ascend this stream, so filled it is with the products of erosion, and numerous valuable plantations along it have been partly or wholly converted into useless swampland. The same thing has happened to the Tallahatchie River and other streams regularly plied by boats only a few years ago.

Blue River in southeastern Nebraska and northwestern Kansas, so named because of the crystal clearness of its waters in the days of timbered slopes and unplowed prairie sod, has not been clear for many years.

During the last twenty-five years a farmer in the bottoms of the Brazos River, Texas, reports that he has suffered from fifteen floods, as against only three floods experienced by his father, who previously operated the same farm for thirty years.

From 400 to 600 pounds of commercial fertilizer are required to grow as much cotton per acre in thousands of washed fields through the Old Cotton Belt of southeastern United States as was produced formerly with only 200 pounds of fertilizer or with no manurial treatment whatever. In the Corn Belt, the Wheat Belt and other regions the soil-improving crops must be resorted to in order to maintain the productivity of the land. And so it goes with countless fields and expansive ranges throughout the entire nation, on public lands as well as those in private ownership.

IF so much land has been impoverished or made worthless, how then are we to explain the crop surpluses so much discussed recently in connection with the Farm Problem? is a pertinent question often asked.

The explanation is simple. In the first place we still have a very large area of good farm land. Much of this is subject to precisely the same process of wastage that has brought impoverishment or ruin to so many acres; but it will be a long time before the deeper soil and the comparatively flat and porous absorptive lands have lost all of their topsoil. In the meantime, a large total area, enfeebled to varying degrees, ranging from soil that produces only fair or mediocre crops to that which is practically worthless for crops, is still being farmed. Although most of this acreage gives yields too low to enable a comfortable standard of living, the aggregate production is large. Every year farms are being abandoned throughout these waning areas. Some of the operators turn to other lands, hopeful of finding better soil; others give up farming and move to cities or go into factories.

These poor-land farmers and

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others operating in dry regions where good crops are dependent on good rains, contribute largely to the problem of crop surpluses. Few of them gain more than a bare living from their efforts; many of them sink deeper and a little more hopelessly into debt each year. But, by enlarging the national surplus, their aggregate production adds to the difficulties of those who farm on the more favorable lands.

EROSION is a cumulative evil which, if not obstructed, will sooner or later painfully affect the majority of our agriculturists. Farmers generally have little to say about the subject, at least to the general public. When, however, one meets them along the highways and field sides pungent expressions relating to the agricultural situation are often heard. Recently a farmer of good education, an industrious worker, a good citizen and the owner of considerable farm land, said to the writer:

"In my section the average farmer is paying taxes on land worn-out by washing and long cropping, under tax laws that were passed a hundred years ago, in order that they may lose more money. Such farmers are going backward not forward."

"What can be done about it?" he was asked.

"Quit farming," was the quick reply.

"Would it be possible for the farmer to better his situation by improving his fields — prevent washing by terracing and add to the fertility of his land by growing soil-improving crops in rotation with his staple crops?"

"Doubtless. If he knows how to build terraces, he can save much of his land. Growing soil-improving crops is an excellent way to build up the land; but you must remember these crops are grown, not for sale, but solely to improve the soil. A good farmer can arrange for this in his cropping plans. But when yields are increased, what happens? Why you simply get back to the starting point. There's no money in farming under existing conditions, and the farmer has no control over these conditions."

"Yes, but when prices improve the farmer with land in good, productive conditions is the one who will be in the most advantageous position."

"That's true," said my farmer acquaintance, "but many things can happen on the farm while waiting for the hoped-for improved conditions."

CULTIVATION of marginal land, whether it be eroded land or land that is too wet or too dry for safe farming, is not, of course, the sole cause of surpluses; but it is a contributing cause of major importance. Take out of cultivation the severely eroded areas and the steeper sloping lands, plant them to trees on an extensive scale, and a long step will be made toward farm relief. Also, this would save much land, keep much silt out of stream channels and reservoirs, and protect much rich alluvium in the stream bottoms. On much of this land the trees will grow up without any planting, if fires are prevented.

Apart from these benefits, the turning of these lands to better uses would be in line with a sound national land policy. Only the Federal

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and State Governments can undertake a programme of this kind on a sufficiently large scale to have a real effect on the crop surplus situation. This is precisely what the Government and States should do, if for no other purpose than to save the soil now wasting so rapidly. Foresters tell us that the growing of trees on these areas would prove a good investment, one that would yield 4 or 5 per cent annually. The tree planting could be done on a large scale without any cramping of local agricultural operations. Indeed, it would vastly improve the situation by encouraging better cultivation and better care of the better lands, besides establishing farm woodlots and, in some sections, fairly large privately owned tracts of timber.

WHEN one views the perfectly terraced slopes of the Rhine and the Mediterranean Basin, and sees grapes, olive trees and even bananas growing on walled benches, some of which were built two thousand years ago, one wonders why we of America, who are wasting our lands faster than any other people of the world, have not learned more from these conspicuous examples of land conservation. The answer comes back again to the vast expanses of good land we once had and should have preserved, the large area we still have; and, of course, to our characteristic indifference to conservation in general.

In the United States we have not been entirely negligent of our farm lands, though we have closely approximated that situation. In the older South, field terraces, which really are plowed embankments adjusted to the slope in such a way as to impede the flow of run-off water, sink part of it into the ground and pass part slowly out of the fields, have been used effectively for seventy-five years in conserving the soil. The use of these structures did not spread rapidly beyond the Southern States. Only recently terracing, as an important farm practice, crossed the Mississippi into Texas and Oklahoma. The Federal Land Bank at Houston now carries a clause in its contracts on land loans requiring the owner to protect his fields by terracing, if the soil needs protection. In case the farmer does not know how to do this, the bank sends out an expert to show him how.

This great bank looks upon the surface *six inches* of soil as the principal substance of the land, from the standpoint of productivity. When that is gone the average type of agricultural land, according to the bank's calculations, is too severely impoverished to lend money on. Accordingly, if it is found that a farmer is permitting his fields to wash at a rate greater than six inches in 35 years, where a farm loan is made for this length of time, the bank forecloses on him. It is significant and highly encouraging that, with thousands of loans outstanding, the Houston bank has found it necessary thus far to foreclose on but one or two farms.

THAT the farmers of that great cotton and grain region are applying the teaching of these significant experiments to their fields as rapidly as possible is sufficient proof that we can save much of the erosive lands throughout the country and that,

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while saving it, much better use can be made of the rains that fall on the land.

The Federal Government, coöperating with the States, is now putting in soil and rainfall conservation experimental and demonstrational stations in all the major soil regions of the country where losses of soil and water are excessive. Every effort will be made to show the farmers and ranchmen of the Nation how menacing are the wasting effects of erosion, and also how the evil may be controlled. Much research and experimental work remains to be carried out, but this will be attacked vigorously and persistently.

It is expected that the remedies which will be employed in this fight against erosion will pay their way many times over. Whatever benefits may accrue in addition to holding the soil and more of the rainfall in the fields where they belong, such as water and silt kept out of streams and out of reservoirs and irrigation ditches and erosional débris kept off valuable valley lands, will be by-products that cost nothing.

Leaf Mold

By Charles Wharton Stork

What's the chief charm of woods — beside mere trees?
Not tang of balsam; not the gray voiced croon
Of pine harps, with a bird call flashing bold
Against it; nor the fingered light on moss
And flowers that play "I spy", courted in turn
By bourgeois bees and foppish butterflies;
Not rabbits dodging with their fluffy tails,
Or the striped chipmunks either, jauntily
Rehearsing family secrets. No, I think
It's leaf mold. Only fancy if the trail
Were asphalt, or macadam! Leaf mold gives
The heartbeat of the mystery, all the sap
And vigor of centuries underneath your soles
At every buoyant motion. Stretch your thighs
And run your bravest, leaping root and stone,
Rising and plunging on the mounded trail
To float as on delicious tropic waves.
So will the leaf mold be transformed again
To living rapture. Leaf mold, damp and dark,
The wreck of woodland life — you vent a sigh,
For the lost green and gold, the frail slain flowers,
For balm dispersed, for happy songsters dumb
With unrecorded fame; but from this mold
Is born new wonder: fragrance, color, song,
All freshly woven by the patient years.
When I tread leaf mold, a dark thrill of strength
And awe speaks through me like a tactile voice:
"Here is a perennial joy fed rich on death."

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Has America a Sense of Humor?

By Thomas L. Masson

A veteran in motley says soberly that America has not, that she has only a myth tricked out in shoes and jowls and other essential shameless scenery

The myth called Humor is one of those agreeable abstractions with which we continually fortify our national self-consciousness. A long line of so-termed native humorists — all of whom have been completely forgotten except the poor devils immediately alive — fairly satisfy our vanity, just as our Hall of Fame — the membership of which is practically unknown to anyone — helps us to think we have a literature.

The fact that Humor is a myth is well known to those practical people who would deal with it as a commodity like art or religion, if it had any existence. For example, it is never mentioned in publishers' catalogues. In the classified analysis of books published in 1928 (altogether 14,399 volumes) there are twenty-five groups, such as Philosophy, Religion, Biography, Fiction, etc., but no Humor. In a classified list prepared by Downing Palmer O'Hara for the University of Illinois, books of humor are recorded from 1880 to 1910 and then — probably in despair — are dropped. It appears thus that the low watermark in these alleged works of humor was in 1890, when eleven volumes were issued, and the high watermark in 1907, when one hundred and four were recorded. As this was the year of the panic in Wall Street, it is possible that the induced melancholia led grasping writers to attempt antidotes. Since 1910 the record shows nothing. That is to say, in a period of twenty years, works of humor in the records have lapsed, as Grover Cleveland used to say, into innocuous desuetude.

Yet since that fateful year there have certainly come into public notice people known as humorists: George Ade, Peter Dunne, Wallace Irwin, Ring Lardner, Irvin Cobb, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, Robert Benchley, Will Rogers and some others. But the moment we begin the attempt to find out what it is that makes them humorists we are confronted by the myth. George Ade's fables were amusing character satires, attracting deserved attention by their original treatment of slang. Peter Dunne's Dooley was a character sketch, cloaking worthy truths in Irish brogue. Ring Lardner, whose

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capacity for making us laugh is undeniable, is a short story writer and a great one. Irvin Cobb is another, and a story teller whose banquet vulgarities evoke occasional convulsions. And so on.

BUT the thing common enough to them all to give them the classification of humorists, is nothing stable in itself. It has no reality. It is a personal attachment, varying widely in individuals, which creates laughter or amusement. It is not like love or justice, for, if these be debatable, at least they furnish us with a permanent ideal, detached from the personal. The dullest books in the world (not even excepting the works of so many of the humorists themselves) by Cicero, Schopenhauer, Freud, Max Eastman and so on, have been written to explain what humor is, and none of them has ever remotely defined it.

There is comedy, about which George Meredith has written a cryptic but highly intelligent essay. The comic spirit, a definite thing, is a by-product of the mind, but distinct. It sprang undoubtedly from the Greek religious festivals and processions. It was the safety valve through which the actors got their release from the banalities of ritual. But, while they did cut up, it was not horse-play, because the Greeks had taste and instinctive understanding of beauty in form, and therefore their antics were comic, not simply vulgar. The same spirit of comedy is all through life. We see it expressed in the comic reliefs and gargoyles in architecture — especially in the churches. It was what led Fielding to say, in effect, that if you paint human beings as they are, they are certain to be laughable.

The comic artist must be an anatomist. If I give two artists the same idea for a "humorous" cartoon, the same figures, the same explanatory text beneath — one of the resultant cartoons will have comedy, the other will not. What makes the difference? Well, for one thing, the exaggerations in the comic one (they may be extreme or very slight, according to the temperament of the artist) will be true to form. They will only make plainer those defects in the characters which would not be evident to a casual eye. They will be accurate exaggerations. This means that the comic spirit is just, it penetrates back of the human screen. It does not take crude liberties with the subject it portrays; it makes them act for themselves by bringing out their topography — so to speak — into bold relief. You may ask at once, "Is this what makes us laugh?" Always. And if you turn to the other artist's cartoon which gives the identical situation, you will see at once why it does not make you laugh. The figures may be wooden, stilted or exaggerated in the wrong places. They really make us feel pity. We say of them that they have no life. There is no joy in them; for in the last analysis, comedy is the joy in life. Possibly that is why it is so rare.

THE difference between comedy and humor is that the first, being real, is readily understood by anyone, learned or unlearned. A. B. Frost, one of our greatest comic artists, used to draw calves cavorting in fields, that were exactly like calves we see in fields, and therefore exhaled

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the spirit of comedy; and you did not have to acquire a college education to have them make you laugh. The same thing is true of *Alice in Wonderland*, where with words, the exaggerations and grotesques are symbolically true to the sources; or, to give a more recent instance, of A. A. Milne's verses in *When We Were Very Young*. The comic spirit being universal, is everywhere comprehended, and this immediately. We all feel a sense of joy at times, and that is it. In these, our joyous moments, we cavort with Frost's calves; the spirit of comedy enters into us like a control, as the spiritualists say. It is a living thing.

Not so with humor. Those who have a reputation for it are always on the defensive. It frequently happens that, like Congressmen or evangelists, they have no other way of making a living. And we who are compelled to listen to or read them are so secretly sorry for them that we are always investing them with higher attributes. We cannot reform them, but at least we can think of them as better than they really are. Thus we say of a humorist who is fatally involved in a nation-wide reputation as a "wisecracker" that he hits the nail on the head. We magnanimously credit him with deep thinking when he utters the most commonplace truths in a cracked voice, or attended by some individual mannerisms.

These rare figures are of course exceptions. Generally speaking, the danger of being thought the possessor of a sense of humor is so well known that those unfortunates who have it carefully conceal it. The mere parading of it is a recognizable form of unintelligence, and rarely obtruded except — as I have intimated — in the case of professionals who are without other means of support.

You doubt this? Then where, pray, do you find this humor displayed? Where are the recognized humorists in the House and Senate, in the churches, the law, business, banking, on farms, in universities or anywhere else where respectability is reverenced?

Some time ago, Don Marquis, himself rated as an excellent humorist, revealed the fatal truth in his exposure of the conversation at the Players' Club — that congeries of loudly acclaimed wits. The most side-splitting sally was on the level of, "It looks like rain." In literary table talk and reminiscence, we are constantly referred to past periods, where super-humorists sat in coffee houses and exchanged sallies of superhuman brilliance. Yet examination of the most celebrated *bon mots* shows that the best of men were generally the dullest. Oliver Wendell Holmes's sage line, "Since then I've never dared to write as funny as I can," is symbolic of human nature everywhere.

Lincoln's real greatness is shown by the fact that in the entire history of this country, he is the only leader who dared. If anyone wishes to be convinced that popular humor is a thing of the moment, let him read the extract from the writings of one Artemus Ward, which Lincoln read to his Cabinet when he introduced the draft of his Emancipation Proclamation. It is called *High Handed Outrage at Utica*. Charnwood remarks that it is "less amusing than most of

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Artemus Ward; but it had just appeared; it pleased all the Ministers except Stanton, to whom the frivolous reading he sometimes had to hear from Lincoln was a standing vexation."

AN EXTRACT from A. Ward which evidently pleased Charnwood more, because he quotes it, is a fictitious interview with Jefferson Davis and reads (in part) as follows:

"Even now," said Davis, "we have many frens in the North."

"J. Davis," is the reply, "there's your grate mistake. Many of us was your sincere frens and thought certain parties amung us was fussin' about you and meddlin' with your consarns intirely too much. But, J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry goods called The Star-Spangled Banner, the North gets up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals — not agin the South even — but to save the flag. . . ."

Does this make you hold your sides? And is it not perfectly plain why this combination of degraded spelling and vulgar images should evoke roars of laughter from plain Union patriots, just as today the crowd laughs at thrown custard pies or the sallies of Will Rogers? Not only is there no objection to this sort of thing, but in any period of our national life it is finely antiseptic and may be very useful. But it is not humor, as we vaguely think of humor.

If you still differ with me, please note that I am not trying to prove there is no such thing as laughter, that the world is not truly amusing, or that the ephemeral is not important. I am only trying to show that what we term Humor is a myth and what we think is a sense of it is mostly no sense at all.

True, when I state that all of our native humorists have been forgotten, the figure of Mark Twain seems to rise up to confute me; especially when I am told that the royalties on his works still run up to some fifty thousand a year. Nevertheless, the popular humorist in Mark Twain is as dead as a door nail. He is read because he was a great interpreter of the American character, especially boy character, a traveller who gave to our pioneer country, to the Orient, Australia and all points east, the glamour and fascination of his own peculiar American personality. Go through his entire works, extract from them all the "humor," reprint it in a book, and it would be as popular as an almanac. This has been done in a minor way, and who hears about it? Van Wyck Brooks has shown very well in his *Ordeal of Mark Twain* how a popular humorist may become disintegrated by his own methods of defense.

ONLY one other thing than public banquets is needed to illustrate the universal absence among us of what we like to think of as humor. At these melancholy affairs the so-called wittiest speeches of the evening almost invariably consist of archive stories about "colo'd gemmen" or, if they call forth laughter in other ways, it is due to personal sallies or simple images of current affairs such as A. Ward invented.

The other thing I refer to is the radio. For here we see, in its grim horror, the fatal effects of trying to be funny in one medium — the voice — without the accompanying stage business of personality. Furthermore,

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we see at once the mythical character of the thing we call Humor, and that it is largely scenery: chewing gum, lariats, tortoise shell glasses, facial contortions, innumerably repeated facial gestures. For, much as we may resent it, "humor," like the best advertising or the best theology, consists of repetition. Mark Twain had his drawl, Charlie Chaplin has his shoes, Irvin Cobb his jowl. It is a very curious and indeed startling paradox that, although to make people laugh we must surprise them by sudden shifts, yet this is apparently accomplished by constant repetition. The *base* is always the same, and it is so familiar to us that we don't have to think about it. Thus in the movies, water is a base: it is the way it is squirted that counts — through bottles, through hose, through walls and by means of interior floods. One of the most successful vaudeville character-sketch actors I know told me he got all of his original material out of the district school he attended as a boy.

SINCE first started in 1841, London *Punch* has depended almost solely upon repetition to create and carry on its reputation. The elements consist of twenty-five jokes, constantly repeated with variations. Some years ago *Punch* issued the best of these jokes in twenty-five volumes, each devoted to its elemental subject: the law, society, children, golf, riding to hounds and so on. Thus *Punch*, with its great reputation, is the most conservative journal and goes on year after year doing the same thing over and over again, precisely as Charlie Chaplin does in his individual manner.

And among individuals the reason why it takes power of endurance to sustain a reputation for being a popular humorist is this: In any kind of successive activity, ultimate or transient, shamelessness is essential.

SHAMELESSNESS, in the sense I write of, is of course a kind of courage. It means that when a man starts out to achieve anything, he must be prepared to submit to all sorts of obloquy. Every great and successful man has thus endured. It is the price one pays for o'ertopping others, and he must therefore cultivate shamelessness as a necessary part of his equipment. But in the case of the popular humorist, he is his own target. His success depends largely upon how much of a fool he can make of himself, and this in the most public manner. For publicity is the corner stone of his career. Thus the popular humorist tricks out his personality with all sorts of devices if he is an actor, or if he is a writer he hires comic artists to draw caricatures of him. A prominent nose is a real asset. Marshall P. Wilder, who was a hunchback, owed a large part of stock in trade to this fact. Even Bernard Shaw has not been able to resist the hideous impulse to have himself taken (practically) in the nude, thus lending to his sense of comedy a touch of realism.

So far as results are concerned, it is perfectly easy with moderate training and a good memory, to acquire a reputation as a humorist. All one needs to do is to dress up the old jokes in modern clothes. If anyone doubts this, let him compare Mr. Dooley with the characters of Theophrastus or, later, Robert Benchley with John

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Phœnix. Not at all that Benchley is a plagiarist; only that he is prompted to display his gift as Phœnix did his in a similar reaction to his environment. I know several men who have — in their own obscure circles — acquired several reputations for writing humorous editorials, merely by making an intensive study of the works of Bill Nye. One of the best after-dinner speakers this country has produced (his name is Murphy) never made but one speech. Doubtless he hit upon it by accident; all of his later successful speeches only rang the changes on this one. No wonder so many clowns have committed suicide; the deadly monotony finally breaks them. The marked increase in our length of life is altogether among that dignified majority who take themselves seriously.

My own unfortunate experience — if the reader will permit me to be shameless for a moment — is a case in point. Having acquired a wholly undeserved and purely mythical reputation for being a humorist, I was at once forced into the repugnant position of being a hypocrite — something which, in common with all men whose forefathers wore red flannel underwear — I had always secretly despised.

Upon one occasion I became president of a board of education, by one of those mysterious political flukes which hung upon the disposition of three votes. Quite naturally, all of the other members of the board, when they did not regard me as a calamity, did regard me as a joke. Being cursed with a New England conscience, I applied my moderate intelligence, with mistaken zeal, to the problems of education, until it suddenly dawned upon me that every effort I made to be serious or — as we were fond of saying, "constructive" — only gave me a worse name. I had never actually said or done anything funny in my life, my feeble efforts in this direction being confined entirely to type. But that did not matter; the report had gotten about.

And being quite serious, it was natural for me to say what I had come to think, namely, that bond issues were a stupid makeshift, and when one was proposed, I asked quite seriously, and I know now rightly (for the thing was being done in England and also here in part, as the start of a sound economic principle) why not get everybody to club together and buy the proposed school outright?

That of course, settled me at once. Such a suggestion was much worse than impossible. It wasn't done. It never could be done. It was simply idiotic. But my fellow members did not call me crazy. They only referred to it as my little joke. One of them, a former president, was quite tolerant about it. He defended me. He said that in other respects I was a good fellow. He said that, or implied that, if they all had as keen a sense of humor as he had, they should understand that I was just a humorist — nothing more, nothing less.

After this nothing I said or did mattered, except as a means of doubtful entertainment, until a woman got on the board. Being all for the under dog, she was at first inclined to credit me, out of pure good will, with some intelligence. It

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took the united efforts of all the other members to convince her to the contrary. They even dug up some of the old jokes I had written and got her to read them, and when she said she didn't see anything funny in them they intimated that she had no sense of humor.

But one day a brilliant idea occurred to me. It was during a crisis in local affairs and, as everybody was against me in the fool programme I had invented, I suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, gentlemen, this is too funny for words. I am going to write something humorous about it."

"But if you do that," said one of the former presidents, turning deathly pale — he was also a lawyer — "you'll make us all ridiculous."

"Well," I replied recklessly, "that's the idea. It won't make any difference to me; they all know what *I* am," I added with a cheap grin.

They called a special meeting at once, and I got what I wanted.

And so I was launched upon my career as a hypocrite. Beneath a casual and shameless exterior, I concealed a real purpose so effectually that nobody even suspected I had any constructive ability. When I wanted to carry my point I intimated that I would have to write something funny about it. Panic ensued.

It must now be evident that if America, as a whole, really has a sense of humor — which is more than doubtful — our main concern should be to keep it concealed from the world at large. We have a bad enough name as it is, as a Shylock and a yokel.

One reason why Russian literature is apotheosized by the highbrows is because it has an inexhaustible lack of a sense of humor. Similarly, the extraordinary stupidity of the British mind, occasionally and always reverently referred to as conservatism, is one of its most conspicuous glories. The French sense of comedy — that airy, graceful and beautiful directness and joy without which the world of nations we live in would be unendurable — has actually made France a subject for mild contempt, until each successive war demonstrates that Frenchmen have powers of persistence, stability and adaptability unapproached by any other people.

With our private talk crowded with clichés, with our oratory pulsating with platitudes and our fiction afflicted so often with a virtually maniacal depression, is it any wonder that humor — whatever it may seem to be — is, among us, in reality nothing but a myth of somewhat doubtful respectability, to be boasted about discreetly and kept in the background?

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The Poor Man in Politics

By Oliver McKee, Jr.

His chances are like his purse, says this observer, who contends that only the rich can afford to hold high office in these United States

The late Henry P. Davison, partner in J. P. Morgan and Company and Titan of finance, had two sons. One wanted a public career. A good and farsighted father, Mr. Davison so arranged his affairs that the son who aspired to public life received from the estate a million or two dollars more than his brother. With his keen knowledge of this world, Mr. Davison knew that if a young man was ambitious to make his star shine in the political firmament, a private income sufficient to cover his household and personal expenses was almost a necessity.

After serving in the New York Assembly for several years F. Trubee Davison became Assistant Secretary of War for Aviation at the age of thirty, the head of an Army Service with a thousand officers and ten thousand men under his orders. President Hoover has reappointed him to the same post. Trubee Davison has many other qualifications for executive office than the possession of an ample private fortune. But can a young man of equally great ability hope to reach similar political distinction at the age of thirty, if he has to earn his own living from the day he leaves college? The question is a pertinent one.

As another summer approaches, a hundred thousand young Americans are preparing to leave the campus elms and, in the stock phrase of the commencement orator, enter the battle of life. Born with the proverbial golden spoon in their mouths, a few may feel free to enter the State Department, go big game hunting in Africa, try for the international polo teams, or join the colonies of American emigrés in Europe. Nine out of ten, however, must earn their daily bread; and public service, now as in the past, strongly appeals to the college senior, for academic innocence invests public life with a glamour and a romance which the world of business is not supposed to have.

But does politics offer a promising career to these ambitious youths who are casting about for their life work? "No," and emphatically so, must be the answer unless they are willing to clip the wings of ambition and content themselves with remaining in

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that army, unsung and unhonored, of minor Government bureaucrats, clerks, scientists at $3,000 a year, and the like. Business and the professions offer more than minor officialdom. But in such a job as the Federal bureaucracy offers, there is little enough of glory, small opportunity for a reputation, and little, if any, future.

THE band plays, the crowds shout, stirred by a great emotion, as the statesman from North Carolina or Kansas takes the platform, and Democracy sounds its siren call. What nobler career than that of political leadership? What greater calling than to be shepherd of one of the flocks of Democracy? A private soldier in Napoleon's army, we are told, carried the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack, and by the same token, a farm boy in America can reach the White House, the Cabinet, or achieve a seat in the Senate. So he can, and now and then one does. But he is the exception. For men of wealth, by and large, dominate our public life and occupy a share of the seats of power far out of proportion to the numerical strength of this group as compared to our total population. Money opens the door to political preference; money provides the motive power by which a young man can hope to rise eventually above the lowest rungs of the ladder. The late Henry P. Davison recognized this clearly. He knew what lay behind the façade. Democratic America has a political aristocracy, an aristocracy of wealth. Wealth may be inherited, or it may be earned. In either case, a substantial private income — something rather better than a Grand Army pension — is the key which unlocks the door to public life. The cards are stacked against those who do not pay taxes on a private income in the upper brackets.

HERBERT HOOVER, son of a Quaker blacksmith, had to make his way in the world with no heritage of stocks and bonds. At thirty-five, his biographers tell us, the young mining engineer from California had set by a sufficient store of this world's goods to emancipate him the rest of his life from dependence on the weekly pay check. For close to two decades Herbert Hoover toiled so effectively in the broad fields of humanity that he became a world figure, and now fills the world's greatest elective office. A man with his ability, energy and skill would have made money in any calling; but it was his emancipation from financial worries that left him free, as Food Administrator, head of War Relief organizations, and as Secretary of Commerce, to render so great public service. Mr. Hoover, we are told, never had any difficulty in making money. And it was precisely because he had accumulated a comfortable private fortune that he was able to release those special talents that have made him one of the greatest administrators in American political history. A poor man could never have accepted the Commerce portfolio, and it was his years as Secretary of Commerce that brought him within striking distance of the nomination at Kansas City.

In American public life today, William E. Borah of Idaho occupies

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an eminence both special and unique. He is the Knight-Errant of Politics, an oracle of the Senate, one of the formulators of our foreign policies, and the leader *par excellence* of lost or unpopular causes. Borah has two reasons at least for giving praise to Allah. For one thing Idaho is so small and his towering figure gives this State of a few hundred thousands population so much glory and free advertising that he never has to give a thought to mending his political fences at home. He is as much an Idaho institution as its famous potatoes. No one at home can turn Borah's flank, and the Goliath of Idaho is free therefore to devote all his energies and all his attention to the national and international arenas. But Borah is fortunate also for another reason. He is not wholly dependent upon politics for his bread and butter. As a young man, he had the natural leanings of youth to a public career, but he did not yield to the tempter. Facing the facts and realities of the America of our day he buckled down instead to the law, made himself one of the leaders of the bar in his home State, and accumulated a small competence of his own. Then, and not till then, did he yield to his first love and turn toward politics.

BORAH was first elected to the Senate in 1907. If he had failed in public life, he could have continued as a brilliant lawyer. Back of him lay twenty-seven years of the practice of law. For twenty-two years, he has been a member of the Senate, and during the last decade at least, not only one of the leading men in that body, but one of the half-dozen or so outstanding national personalities. Borah's place in public life rests four square on the sure foundations of financial independence and professional eminence.

LIKE his predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, the Vermonter, President Hoover has selected rich men as his Cabinet officers. Wealth after all is a relative term. It may not be a multi-millionaire Cabinet, but few members of the President's official family, it is safe to say, are entirely dependent upon their $15,000 salary. Andrew Mellon leads the list, a multi-millionaire many times over. Whether Mr. Mellon has one hundred or three hundred million dollars, makes little difference. He has served in the Cabinets of three Presidents, and the fact that he possessed one of the great American fortunes did not prevent him from being chosen by Chief Executives so different in their background, their philosophy of life and their training as Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert C. Hoover.

New members of the Cabinet include several men of wealth. For his Secretary of the Navy, President Hoover selected Charles Francis Adams of Boston, direct descendant of two Presidents, for thirty years treasurer of Harvard College, and director or trustee of half-a-hundred corporations or fiduciary institutions. Harvard men say of Adams that as treasurer he never lost a dollar of their alma mater's money. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains that under his treasurership the funds of Harvard increased from about $13,000,000 to $90,000,000. As one of the leading business men

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and financial leaders in Massachusetts, Mr. Adams has a large enough private fortune to enable him, in the meridian of life, to accept public office without any apprehensions for the future. For his Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover chose Thomas Patterson Lamont, one of the best known figures in the Chicago business world. Lamont, too, is a wealthy man, and can well afford now to enter public life.

SECRETARY of State Stimson was a member of Elihu Root's law firm in New York City and, if not a multimillionaire, has enough to answer the call to public service. Even James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, is well fixed financially. Coming to this country at the age of eight, Davis became a puddler's assistant at eleven. Later, he turned his hand to building up fraternal organizations, and under his personal direction the membership of the Loyal Order of the Moose jumped from a few hundred to 600,000. Davis received a certain percentage of the payments made by each new member, and the revenue thus received is credited with being the basis of his present fortune. It may be doubted indeed whether any poor man can really afford any better to accept a place in the Cabinet than as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Those who do come into the Cabinet as poor men are not to be envied.

The Presidency is one of the few jobs a "poor" man could afford to take, for the salary and allowances are those of big business. Mr. Hoover is credited with being one of the richest men in recent years to hold the office. Roosevelt was moderately well to do, but Taft and Wilson entered the White House comparatively poor men, as did, we are told, McKinley and Harding. George Washington, our first President, was rated as one of the wealthiest men of his generation, but the Presidency has not carried on the aristocratic tradition. Though poor men have reached the White House in the past, it may not be so easy for them to do so in the future. President Hoover has selected a number of comparatively rich men for his Cabinet, but for a generation or so back, Cabinets have had a full quota of "men of property." Weeks, Bacon, Knox, Straus, Dwight Davis, McAdoo and many others may be cited. If rich men continue pretty largely to fill the Cabinet, it is because politics is a calling for the well-to-do. Had William M. Butler been a professor of government at $6,000 a year, could he have afforded to manage the Presidential campaign of Calvin Coolidge?

ONCE it was the fashion to dub the Senate the millionaire's club. It still is. Rich men are there out of all proportion to their numbers outside. The direct primary has brought about no democratization of its membership, for under the direct primary only a man with money can hope, in most States, to finance the pre-nomination campaign. Or if an aspirant has no funds of his own to draw upon, he must seek the support of groups willing to finance his campaign for him. Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, spent tens of thousands of dollars from his own private fortune in the unsuccessful attempt

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to secure the Republican Senatorial nomination in the three-cornered primary fight in 1926. Poor men have won seats in the Senate, and there are a few Senators who have little beyond their $10,000 a year. So too there are members of the Somerset Club in Boston who are not able to boast a B.A. degree from Harvard University.

A SEAT in the Senate is nevertheless a rich man's plaything. Senator Couzens of Michigan, who just gave $10,000,000 for child welfare work, is one of the richest men in the country. Couzens came to the United States as a poor boy from Canada, and it was only after he had made millions as a partner of Henry Ford that he appeared on the stage of national politics. Take a few other names: Edge of New Jersey; Bingham of Connecticut (son of a Hawaiian missionary whose wife is a Tiffany); Reed of Pennsylvania; Kean of New Jersey; Phipps of Colorado, and so on down the line. Perhaps twenty of the ninety-six Senators could be classed as millionaires. Most of the rest are in comfortable circumstances. Fifteen or twenty might be classed as "poor," with little if anything else than their salaries.

The House of Representatives, proportionately, has probably more poor men than the Senate. Even here, however, the man who has to depend on his Congressional pay check is the exception rather than the rule. Congressmen of long experience will tell you that probably three out of four of their colleagues have a sizeable private income, and they will tell you also that they don't see how a man can stay in the House without at least $5,000 a year of his own. Nearly every State delegation has its quota of millionaires. Many members of the House have businesses of their own at home which run through the year. Allen Treadway, of Massachusetts, for example, is one of the best known hotel proprieters in the western part of the State. Nicholas Longworth, the genial Speaker of the House, is a very rich man. With money behind him, and with the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt as his wife, he has all the backing for a political career that any man could wish for. One conspicuous exception, however, must be noted. John Q. Tilson, the popular and effective Republican floor leader, has little if anything beyond his salary. His richer colleagues indeed feel a bit sorry for the Republican leader. Working his way through college, a farm boy from Tennessee who came East for his education, Tilson has been in public life of State or Nation most of his working days.

A TERM or two in the House has financially wrecked many a man who came to Capitol Hill with an abundance of enthusiasm, but an inadequate gold reserve. When his Congressional career is ended, either by defeat or otherwise, he goes back home to find his law practice or business in ruin, and to find himself, on analysis, little better than a financial wreck. If a man is popular, and has rendered service to the party, the leaders are apt to find for him a judgeship or a place on a Federal commission. Not all, however, can hope to be so lucky. Most have to pay the piper out of their own pockets.

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Eight women hold seats in the present House. All have something more substantial back of them than the expectancy of the next month's check. Four, at least, are women of wealth. These are Mrs. Ruth Pratt, credited with being a multi-millionaire; Mrs. Medill McCormick, who shares the Hanna and McCormick fortunes; Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts, and Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the peerless Commoner. Women are finding too that national politics, like polo, is a game for the rich.

It is impossible, of course, to state specifically the wealth of either the Senate or the House. The income tax returns are not public property, and even if available might not tell the whole story, for many people hold tax exempt securities. The question of a man's income is, after all, a pretty personal affair, as is the question of his expenditures. Only rarely do we come down to dollars and cents, as when for example, John W. Davis told a Congressional committee that he had to spend sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year out of his own pocket to represent this country at the Court of St. James's. And even such unusual admissions never come from Congressmen. The Senate and the House investigations have shown little inclination to inquire closely into the affairs of fellow members. But diligent inquiry will bring plenty of evidence that poor men are not numerous in the national legislature. Congressman after Congressman has told newspaper correspondents, of whom the writer is one, that "most of my colleagues have money and a man who has not ought not to be here."

For political activity costs money. Like the feudal lords of yore, a political chieftain, even those of lesser stature, must dispense hospitably with a lavish hand. If Jones, who helped in the campaign which put you in office, drops in town with some friends, you must ask them to lunch or dinner, and somewhere else than at a cafeteria. A budget cut too close allows little margin for these expenditures, so important in keeping party workers on your side. Charity subscription lists demand your attention to some degree; if you have an eye to the future, it is well that your name appear on some of them. Furthermore, you must attend State and national political conventions; otherwise you lose contact with the key men who run the machine. At five cents a mile, a trip to Houston or Kansas City runs into a pretty penny. And even if you vote dry, the liquor with which you treat your friends costs you as much as it does your wet colleagues. Bootleggers have no cut rates for their dry Congressmen customers.

If his public career lands a man in Washington, the social life of the Capital, unless he is a hopeless nonconformist, places a heavy burden upon the family exchequer of one who has no means to supplement Uncle Sam's pay check. It is not so bad if a man is a bachelor, for the Government pays enough to keep his evening clothes in good shape. With married men the case is different. An Assistant Secretary of Commerce, at $7,500 a year, or a member of the House, at $10,000 a year, has to live in a respectable part of Washington. Dinners two or three times a week

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will be the rule during the season, and entertaining must be reciprocal. With boys and girls in school and college, and sharing in the social activities of the Capital during vacation, it is easy to see that *pater familias* may have troubles at home when the month's bills come in. Uncle Sam of course can hardly be blamed for not paying big enough salaries to cover the so-called extra-curriculum activities. Take, for example, a single case. As Chief of the Division of Western Europe, William R. Castle, Jr., now Assistant Secretary of State, was drawing the munificent salary of $4,500 a year. Custom, in social usage stronger than the Constitution, imposed upon him the duty of giving a dinner annually in honor of the heads of each diplomatic mission from Western Europe, fifteen to twenty in all. Castle, no doubt, did his duty, but needless to say, $4,500 a year did not measure the full count of his income. Many an official goes back to private life broke, and a bit disillusioned, finding years of savings wiped out as a result of his Government service.

A PRIVATE income is almost a *sine qua non* for a diplomatic career. Only men of wealth, like Charles G. Dawes, can fill the blue ribbon posts at Paris and London. For either post a private income of $50,000 is almost essential. In the professional foreign service, pretty much the same situation prevails now as in the past; a man without a supplementary private income usually runs into difficulties if he has a family. A few without private means may struggle along in an inconspicuous consular post, but here again we may ask, "What price glory?" Their wealthier associates, and that means nine foreign service officers out of ten, survey these struggling unfortunates with pity. "Poor Jones, he has a salary of only $3,000 a year, and nothing else, and he has two children. He lives out in the country, and comes into the State Department every morning in a bus. Even then I don't see how he manages to scrape along."

A PUBLIC career may occasionally offer great opportunities, of a certain sort. Crokers and Murphys have many counterparts in the annals of American public life. Money making has gone hand in hand with politics, as the grafter and the fraudulent contractor have split their profits with the ward bosses and the legislative leaders who granted favors. Crooked men can win a fortune in politics as they have in business, or the professions. But in attempting to answer the question "Is politics a career for a poor boy," we assume that those who ask the question mean politics as an honest profession.

Calvin Coolidge, it is true, demonstrated that a man could rise to the highest elective office in our country without the backing of a large fortune. Let us, however, remember this. Mr. Coolidge saved money from the day he graduated from Amherst. He too had the goal of financial independence in view, and being thriftier than most men he is now, after seven years in the White House, able to enjoy that ease of mind which financial independence gives. He could afford now to run for the Senate. In Massa-

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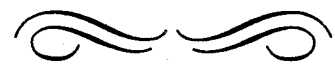
chusetts we may note that Alvan Fuller, former Governor, and possible Senatorial candidate, started in life as a poor boy, and amassed a fortune of many millions in the automobile business. He then entered politics, proving one of the most popular Governors the Bay State ever had. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the one Democrat of national proportions, was the only son of wealthy parents. A family fortune gave him the initial freedom which enabled him to indulge the ambition of public life, so natural to any youth of education. Money too opened up to Theodore Roosevelt the opportunities for making a name for himself in politics while still a young man. The three leading candidates for the Republican presidential nomination at Kansas City — Hoover, Lowden, and Dawes — were all men of wealth.

A hundred thousand families or so run the British Empire and run it well. Back of them are great traditions, and what is no less important, fortunes built up through generations of saving. A private income is almost taken for granted in British official, Army and Navy circles. The same aristocratic rule extends to other parts of Europe; the reins of government for the most part are in the hands of those with money. The democratic ideal still persists in the United States, but the facts are a long way from the ideal. The wealthy and the well-to-do exercise a control over our public life, and its machinery, far out of proportion to their numbers. Politics may be the avocation for the rich, but it is hardly a calling that can be recommended to a boy fresh from college, whose only inheritance is a healthy body and a patriotic American spirit. Like Borah, his best chance to scale the heights of political eminence is to spend twenty-five years in building up a small private fortune, and in establishing a professional reputation which he can always capitalize, if the need arises. Then if the lightning strikes, he can feel free to run for the Senate, go as Ambassador to Peru, or take a place in the Cabinet. Until then politics is a luxury he can ill afford.



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Foot-tracks of a Hedge-Priest

By R. P. Harriss

"Jamais je n'ai tant pensé, tant existé, tant vécu, tant été moi, si j'ose ainsi dire, que dans ceux [voyages] que j'ai faits seul et à pied." — Rousseau's *Confessions*

About the time William Shakespeare was getting in all kinds of Dutch with Anne Hathaway's kinsmen and with the gamekeepers of the Avon gentry (for poaching, in both cases), the term *hedge-priest* was the word regularly applied to the poacher and skulker-in-the-byways. Then it was that the sulky peasant whose belly was tired of rough fare slipped forth of an evening with his big mongrel lurcher-dog to steal the squire's hares and pheasants; or the more adventurous young bloods to bring down a deer, and perhaps the honor of the squire's kitchen-maid as well.

At the present time the term may be assumed by those more or less respectable men who generally conduct themselves so discreetly as to have the charge of poaching softened to one of harmless trespassing. In this era of gas-buggies and petrol smoke, the number of hedge-priests ought steadily to increase. For the modern hedge-priest is merely the decent man who finds it well for his immortal soul to stretch his town legs above real grass, and traipse across country without even so much as a golf bag to excuse his rough clothes and carefree manner. A hedge-priest or a Walker is really without shame in the matter of enjoying himself, and doesn't care who observes it.

"The motor car," writes Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson, "has completely separated the walkers from the riders. It is a salutary thing thus to distinguish virtue from vice for all time; but it lays a new responsibility upon the walkers to conduct themselves nobly in God's light lest even a suspicion of vice foul their reputations. They cannot be road-walkers now, like Stevenson, since roads have become arteries — hardened arteries — of traffic. They are pushed willy-nilly into the hills, meadows and woods, beyond the clatter and evil fumes of the highway. It behooves them, therefore, to assert their virtue more then ever. . . . When I see walking-clubs of a Sunday tearing fiercely across the landscape, consulting watches and schedules, wrenching lilacs and pussy-willows, feeding grossly and blowing guttural notes on

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the bugle, I cannot help thinking that they are instinctively riders. Their walking is a bastard form of motoring."

It may be well here and now to make yet another very important distinction, namely: the separation of the Walkers from the Hikers, the latter being purely a juvenile group composed of Boy Scouts and some few adults who never pass beyond mental adolescence. These persons, if not always guilty of all the sins enumerated above (and they generally are) are bad enough. They wear high boots and tie red handerkerchiefs about their necks; and they probably sweat too much. The Walkers, on the other hand, know "a land of many paths and no paths, where every one goes his own way and is right."

Your true Walker would make a poor Prohibition enforcement officer; and as a book censor he would be a complete failure.

THE very nature of a hedge-priest's avocation, too, tends to make him a solitary man or one who will permit only the most select company to follow him in his excursions afield. His object is to get away, not only from the gasoline fumes and the hideousness of roadside churches and filling-stations, but from excessive and tiresome people as well. Sometimes it is only for a Sunday, when the human machine, fagged with a week of clock-punching and watching the boss's liver, recovers momentarily and becomes once again personable, no longer automaton. And while a Walker may not cure his renal calculus and gastritis with one fell swoop some Sunday morning, or rid his system of a brace of gall-stones merely by hoofing it through somebody's woodlot, he may do much toward gathering himself together and priming his system for one more gorgeous gin party. The hedge-priest of old was ever a ruddy-faced, lusty gentleman — or oaf, according to one's lights.

STEVENSON, who may be said to have belonged to the later hedge-priesthood, preferred a donkey as companion, and Hazlitt liked a solitary ramble. George Macaulay Trevelyan, the eminent English historian, is, though few know it, a most excellent member of the order, and he is a Walker who advises solitude — except in those rare instances where the perfect companion is to be had. Carlyle, on the other hand, was not averse to a listener's tagging along and is said to have discoursed at his best under such conditions. And even Wordsworth, lover of solitude if there ever was one, traversed in the company with friends, between 175,000 and 180,000 English miles, if we may credit De-Quincey. Keats, Matthew Arnold and Meredith were also "mixed" walkers.

And here the question of mixed *versus* solitary walkers brings up the question of the Loiterers. The Loiterer is that *rara avis* who has the time to linger about the docks in seaport towns, to drift into out-of-the-way corners, to traverse interesting city alleys and perchance pick up a backyard acquaintanceship with a tattoo artist, or a hotel chef, or a pretty hairdresser, or some other great personage. And surely the Loiterer's time is better spent in company with another of his tribe,

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since every item of an afternoon's loitering (such as the broad humor of a seaman's Rabelaisian yarn or the sizzling repartee of the backstairs maid-of-all-work) is doubly enjoyed and appreciated if there be two congenial spirits present to hear it, the good humor of each fellow Loiterer heightening that of the other until simultaneously it crackles out into wit itself.

THE Loiterer, however, is a frequenter of city streets and as such must be ruled out of the fraternity of hedge-priests and Walkers. And yet — who that ever visited an old city, like Charleston, with its cowled doorways and liveoak trees, moss-hung, and its strange dialect (the worst in the world, yet considered the accent of the angels by the Charlestonians), without finding pleasure in walking the ancient thoroughfares? Or in the streets and by-ways of old Richmond and older Williamsburg? Or Annapolis, Maryland's antique State capital? Or even Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and Boston? And New York — I can scarcely recall a more diverting walk than one taken several years ago when Greenwich Village had not quite been swallowed up. With a friend from our little quarters at 30 Bank Street, we took a route through Chinatown and along the Bowery, and thence to the Battery, where whom should we meet but an old crony we had but a few minutes before been wondering about and had thought was in San Francisco! They say "it could have happened only in New York". . . . At any rate, the three of us trooped down to the Aquarium and, watching the fishes, abandoned ourselves to an orgy of loitering.

No, the hedge-priest may be permitted to brave the petrol smoke and roam the city streets on such occasions as his soul cries out for that exercise, without relinquishing his title of Walker.

It was in a none-too-urban Carolina town that I began, at a tender age (i.e., that age when boys are tough, and glory in it) my ministrations. In those halcyon days, with a boon companion, I was poacher in actual fact, with a smart and criminal little lurcher-dog of my own, a cross between fox-terrier and beagle. In winter it was partridges killed on the Gun Club's property and wild turkeys poached on a great plantation. In summer it was the whopping big black bass, caught with forbidden rod and reel in the town's reservoir of drinking water, where the fish were protected by State and local laws. They *were* the halcyon days. . . .

SINCE then, I have been but a Walker, in many States along the Atlantic Seaboard. And of all States, Maryland, with its indescribably green hills set in such close proximity to the sea and themselves holding many inland lakes and streams, calls forth my highest praise as a member of the priesthood which holds communion with shadowy paths and sun-filled meadows: Maryland, feathery green and blossomy in spring; Maryland in the red and gold glory of autumn. Even mid-summer and the dead of winter have their charm for the man who walks abroad, casually, in the land of the Calverts, the Free State. Seeing its mellow old stone houses with their

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handcut slate roofs and low doorstoops; the trim white fences and velvety downs and sheep; the manor houses with their owners who ride, red-coated, to hounds as their forefathers have done for two centuries. Walter de la Mare, the English poet, compared it with Sussex, adding that even Sussex could not claim hills more green nor an area so graciously extensive. Lizette Woodworth Reese, the Maryland poet, who first introduced Mr. de la Mare to the Maryland terrain, has given a picture of the Old York Road in the first two stanzas of a poem about an old town:

The old thorn-trees of Huntingdon,
Oh, white they blow again!
Oh, white they blow in Huntingdon,
Down an old crooked lane!

In Huntingdon, in Huntingdon!
I swear, by high and low,
That you will find their lovely like
None other place you go.

It is necessary that your companion be a fully-qualified member of the clan of Walkers on such a day in spring. For a dull fellow will be at pains to comment brightly upon "the view", and being dull, will deal only in banalities.

THE question of whether or not to take your dog depends entirely upon the dog, and whether he cares to accompany you. If he is the right kind of a dog, he will. Once and for all, however, the Walker should put behind him all hunting dogs — except possibly a very old and sagacious setter. Young and vigorous bird dogs will naturally hunt, and it would be a crime to put them on leash. A wise old foxhound or a bright little beagle may make a pleasant companion for a time, but here again instincts are at variance with a pleasant ramble. The riot of smells in a woodland will soon carry a trailing dog away — the beagle will go bawling after the first rabbit that bobs up.

And beware, O my Walker, the headstrong, self-assertive tyke that will not come to heel on call, but keeps (with malice prepense) just out of sight behind yonder hedge, the while you yell your lungs raw and whistle until the very crows caw at you in derision! Finally, having started home with the feeling that the beast will surely be killed by a motor car and your walk ruined, you suddenly recover your poise as the "lost" culprit joins you quietly from his resting place a few yards away.

WHEN you select your canine friend, let it rather be a small terrier of some reasonable and true-and-tried strain. They are a companionable race of dogs, sporting-looking enough, yet so purely amateur, so non-professional, that their masters need never fear to be abandoned for the first trace of wild game which crosses the path. Your terrier will evince vast interest in a ground-squirrel's den and will dig furiously, if encouraged. But he will also be with you when you sit quietly upon some old gray stone to rest and meditate, and he will not (if he is the gentleman he ought to be) annoy you by requiring too many attentions of you.

The question of feminine companionship? It should never be an issue to trouble the Walker. And yet, such is the lamentable change in our concepts and attitudes, it needs must be.

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Time was when a man would have as soon invited a lady of his acquaintance to go jump in the river as ask her to take a walk from one village to the next. Her menfolk, if she had any, would likely hear about such a proposal — for it would be a proposal, in the lady's mind — and would shoot the bold offender full of holes. But now, it is even said that our modern amazons have so far put off womanly restraint as to suggest hiking with men as a polite and desirable form of recreation, and at outrageous distances! Is there no holding them? It seems immoral. In the old days, ladies did not walk, they took a stroll in the garden. Fancy a gentleman's suggesting to milady that they lose themselves in the fastnesses of a public park or walk away together into yonder secluded (and hence, ungenteel) hills! The imagination falters.

And your woman hiker, God forbid that we should come to this! But we have. And she is the very epitome of *it* with a lower-case *i*, the Simonpure and unadulterated lady-wowser. Is there anything in the heavens above or the earth below or the waters under the earth more fearsomely unattractive than a fat girl in knickers? Or a lean girl? Or a bandy-legged girl? Or — but here I stop. Paraphrasing Izaak Walton's Dr. Boteler, whose classic pronouncement concerning the strawberry is essentially sound, I say: Doubtless God could have made a more distressing sight, but doubtless He never did. Amen. Let no near-sighted Walker mistake a pariah of a female hiker for an honest hedge-wench, well-met. There is a difference.

Walking with a poor companion becomes rapidly a dogged kind of toil — practically hiking. Yet he who walks alone or with the perfect comradeship which the heart could desire must be prepared to meet with fortitude certain annoyances which are to be found even in the almost perfect Maryland Free State.

He may come to the close of a soul-satisfying day, only to find that he has lost his favorite pipe. And to a Walker (who is always a Pipe-Smoker, of course) the loss of a sweetly-seasoned and carbonized briar is great indeed. So he will turn back, even though dusk be falling and lights are beginning to glimmer in the valley below. And in a vain search for it along the path, he is sure to contract a grand case of ivy poisoning — the sinister, three-leaved plant being exceedingly rank in its growth along the woodland ways, placed there, quite likely, by the Hikers' personal devil, but trapping honest Walkers as well.

Then it is that the Walker's forebearance is tested as never before. For when he goes down to the office on Monday, his hands and possibly his neck and face swathed in bandages to prevent the irritation from spreading, he will meet with small sympathy. It is not enough that he should endure the smarting and stinging which the countless little blisters provoke; he must listen all day long to the jibes of his office associates. "Hmmm," the office smart-cracker will say, with a leer at the boss's stenographer, "hmmm! Jim's got poison ivy! Jim's got poison ivy!"

But even in such an extremity,

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the Walker can turn discomfiture to good account. Is he not, by the very circumstances of his misfortune, shown to be a man of the fields and woods, a Nimrod, a mighty hunter? Does he not commune with Nature, at one with God's great out-of-doors? And if the low jests continue, may he not pardonably accept *that* too, with the air of one who knows? Assuredly. For, as of old, sweet dalliance was ever one of the chief attributes of the Green Guild, the Walkers, those intimate associates of hedge and by-path, who, as we know, were ever ready to take the protected hare and to pluck the forbidden cherry.

Gypsy Fires

By Harry Lee

The gypsy folk are weird, wild folk,
The wide, wide world their home,
And they are kin to imp and elf,
To goblin and to gnome.

By blackthorn hedge and heathered hill,
By ruined brig and cairn,
A trundling, toppling caravan
From grand-dam to the bairn.

They go, they go, through wind and rain,
Like brawling, burly bees,
At dusk they halt their mangy nags
Among the wayside trees.

They build a fire by the road,
And while the gray owls hoot,
And while the blue smoke hovers,
They count their ill-got loot.

Clad in the garish light they dance
With crashing tambourine,
With jangling bangles, wrist and arm,
In rags of red and green.

The gypsy folk are weird, wild folk,
And they must wander on,
The nomadie is over them
Ere ever breaks the dawn.

And though I go the ordered way,
And seek the common goal,
The glamour of the gypsy fires
Is dancing in my soul.

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The Turkish Woman of Today

By Harold Armstrong

Bewilderingly, after a brief taste of independence, she is, says a recent traveller, again accepting the veil held out by jealous males

The Near East has been a turmoil of revolutions during the last ten years. Chance has allowed me to study many of these, and the part played by women in them, at close quarters; in Russia; in North Italy, where the Communists seized the Piedmont, and in the subsequent reaction to Fascism; in Albania; in Greece, where in the space of ten years they ejected a king, recalled him, proclaimed a republic to find it an autocracy, and revolted again and again — fickle and unstable as the Athenian character, which is always unfaithful to every allegiance.

But of all, the Turkish revolution has been the most dramatic and the most arresting.

Thirty years ago the Ottoman Empire was dead, a corpse kept artificially alive by the Great Powers. The Great War broke up the body, but out of the fragments has sprung a new Turkish nation with the will to live. Its future, in face of immense difficulties, is still problematic, and the least known quantity in it is the Turkish woman.

Before the war the Turks shut their women away. In their villages I have sat the live-long day basking in the sun with the men on the village green or outside the café. Round us the houses, as all Turkish houses, would be silent, characterless, the doors closed, the windows barred and latticed. There would be no sound of laughter, nor of woman calling to woman, nor even talk, except where we sat sedate and polite, smoking leisurely, occasionally exchanging polite remarks. Now and again a woman would pass to fetch water from the well, like a ghost in the sunlight, dressed either in black with a thick veil, or in the peasant dress of colored bloomers, blouse and brocaded coat, and over her head a white towel which she would draw across her face, leaving only one eye exposed.

If I stayed in the headman's home as his guest, I might hear his women whispering in the passage as they brought up the food, but I never met or spoke to them.

In the towns I saw the women only as hooded shapes, dressed in

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unwieldy black clothes and closely veiled, featureless, cut off from life. They lived in seclusion, speaking to no one except their husbands or their close relations, and occasionally meeting other women for a gossip. Their only functions were to breed, to work, to amuse their men at home. They took no part in the daily affairs of life. And this made all Turkish life for a foreigner dull, insipid, flat with that dreariness that would come of living always in a men's club.

At home the women lazed, smoked a little, talked a little, did a little house-work, bore and nursed children. The few who could, read French novels, which, written for the cold, logical French mind, had an erotic effect on the hot-blooded Turks.

They were all religious, even fanatical, but Islam did not give them the same scope as Christianity. Islam is essentially a man-made religion for men. It has no human appeal to correspond to that of the Virgin Mary or of Mary Magdalene.

Women in all spheres, material and mental, were mere adjuncts to their men, and the attitude of the Turk was that women were the weaker vessels morally as well as physically. He must protect them and guard them. Eaten up by a fierce jealousy, he tried to lock them securely away.

A Turkish woman told me that she was veiled at nine years of age. At fourteen she was married to a husband she had never seen before. After that, she went out of her house not more than once a month, and always with her husband or mother. For that outing she prepared for days beforehand, and talked of for days afterward. I once had in my office in Constantinople a grandmother of thirty. Her daughter was seventeen and her grandson three.

Another Turkish woman, Fatmah Hanum, told me a story that paints the secluded life of her sex more vividly than pages of description. Just before the war a few Turkish women were making a bid for more freedom. One or two of these used to visit Fatmah Hanum when her husband was away at his office. One day they teased her, saying that her husband was old-fashioned and prim because he gave her no liberty. Fatmah loved her husband; she resented what they said and boasted that she could come and go as she liked. Whereupon her friends invited her to tea at their flat the next day.

Now she was in a quandary. Her husband was the strictest of the strict, and even if he agreed that she should go out it would be only with him or her mother. She thought out a plan. She told her husband that she must make an urgent purchase at the dressmaker's next day. After some discussion, he agreed somewhat grumpily, and against his wishes. They set out walking, as they always did, the husband in front and Fatmah behind, heavily veiled and dressed in the formless bundle of clothes that hid all signs of her sex.

At the dressmaker's her husband waited at the door as usual. Fatmah Hanum had arranged her plan with a girl friend who had more liberty than herself, and who was in the shop to meet her. This girl, as soon as Fatmah Hanum arrived, dropped her own veil and walked out to the

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waiting husband. Imitating Fatmah's voice through the thick, concealing cloth, she told him that her purchase would not be ready for half an hour, and they must walk a little. He agreed and set off, thinking his wife was behind him. Meanwhile Fatmah Hanum hurried out of the shop to the flat where her friends were waiting expectant, but not believing that she could carry out her promise.

"THERE!" she exclaimed, dashing in. "You see that my husband is not so stiff and old-fashioned as you said. He has let me come and I am here alone. But I'm busy and cannot wait;" and she hurried back to the shop with honor satisfied. In due course the husband, walking stiff and sedate, returned with his changeling wife behind him. The two girls changed places in the shop and Fatmah Hanum returned home behind her husband without his guessing what had happened.

To anyone who has not seen Turkish life under the old conditions this story may seem incredible, and also that it should be possible to shut away the whole woman population. This, however, can still be seen today in the British governed island of Cyprus.

The results were bad. The women were ignorant and uneducated — the Turks had never considered the educational value of mothers. They were unable to hold or amuse their men, who lived loosely and unrestrainedly. The children grew up ignorant and spoilt, as might be expected with such mothers.

Seclusion did not prevent intrigue. The Turkish woman thought of it always. It was the theme of half her conversations. She had little else to think of, and the Turks are naturally hot-blooded. The veil often helped her. A husband might meet his own wife in the street and have no idea that it was she. There were cases where a husband, under the impression that he had started a new and pleasant intrigue, followed his own wife to their mutual discomfort. Dressmakers, street-vendors, servants, made a trade of carrying illicit messages and arranging lovers' meetings. The whole life was intensely artificial, intensely sexual and vicious, and the thrill of secrecy, of the forbidden and of the dangerous, acted as a spur. In judging modern Turkish women it must be remembered that it is less than ten years since this was their normal life.

THE Great War had little apparent effect. A few women did some civilian work, and some were employed as nurses. The wives of the German officers in Constantinople brought in a few new ideas. But as late as 1917 when I was in a hospital ward with a number of Turkish officers, a Turkish nurse, with a doctor, came to take a temperature, and the officers ordered her out of the room. Later they sent a protest to the hospital authorities against women being allowed uncovered in the hospital, and especially before a foreigner.

Change, however, was on the way. Polygamy and the harems, though still lawful, were dead. Polygamy was a relic of nomad days when the Turks lived the primitive life of wanderers, in tents, searching for grass for their flocks. Under primitive conditions each wife and child

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is an asset. The wife works for her husband; a daughter can be sold to link the family with a rich neighbor; sons are the natural and the best form of insurance, for they look after their parents. But under settled, and even more under town conditions, each wife becomes an expense and the children eat more than they can ever make. It was always a recognized convention among the Turks that a man must keep all his wives in equal luxury, and if one took more wives than he could afford, it was a shameful thing and a scandal. In 1918 a Turk was entitled to have four wives, but, except for the Sultan and a rich man or two, few Turks had more than one wife. Economic conditions had made polygamy impossible.

So, too, with harems; the days of palaces and great country houses were gone. The Turks had become poor. When Suleiman the Magnificent ruled and Turkey was great there were palaces within which fountains played into pools where lazy goldfish swam, and drowsy eunuchs sat gossiping on marble steps, and ladies might loll on silk-covered divans eating sweetmeats that slaves brought them, or wander in rose gardens. By 1918 these were things of the past and, as a Turkish woman said to me, "How can my husband expect to shut me up in a two-room flat?" Economic conditions had destroyed the harem. The men as a whole were against the freedom of women, but stern facts were defeating them.

With the Armistice, the Ottoman Empire and all the Turkish life was smashed to pieces. The Allies respected the conventions, but in 1919 the Greeks came to Smyrna and at once swept into Anatolia, murdering, raping, destroying, right into the heart of Turkey. The old conventions, ideas, systems were swept away. The Turks were fighting for life, home, existence.

The Turkish women have always been fiercely patriotic and, when roused, full of hatreds and enthusiasms. They blazed up magnificently. They stumped the villages, raising the peasants, collecting recruits. They swung into the front line. It was pathetic to hear them, when they were fighting for existence, swear that they would bear a child each year until Turkey should be great and the country full of men to chase out the foreigners. In that promise they have failed.

Some fought as men. Others collected intelligence. Others carried stores and ammunition to the fighting troops. When victory came, the statue to commemorate it in Angora consisted of four figures, one of which was rightly a woman carrying ammunition into action.

Victory was followed by revolution. The Ottoman Empire was declared dead; all trace of it was rooted out; the Sultan was ejected; the Khalifate destroyed. Angora, an Anatolian village, replaced as capital the old imperial city, Constantinople. The Ottoman Empire, the head of Islam, became a secular republic, and religion was actively discouraged. The rulers came down to details of the lives of the people; polygamy was made illegal; the fez was replaced by a peaked hat; women were encouraged to unveil,

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come out of their seclusion and take up life on equal terms with men. There was an attempt to make a clean break with the past. These events I watched at close quarters from 1918 on for several years. And I have recently returned from an extensive tour of the interior of Turkey.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the present position, mainly by newspaper correspondents who have visited Constantinople, perhaps got as far as Angora and talked to a few advanced Turkish ladies and Government officials. Not one has penetrated into the villages of the interior or off the railway line.

THE mass of the Turkish women were little affected by the revolution. They live again much the same secluded lives as they did before. Men are forced by law to wear peaked hats instead of fezzes, but the veil for women is optional. In Constantinople perhaps 90 per cent of the women go unveiled; in Smyrna perhaps 60 per cent, and in Adalia perhaps 40 per cent. The rest, and in all the towns and villages of the interior, are strictly veiled. In Cæsarea I saw only one woman unveiled, and she was no better than she ought to be. In Adana few walk about uncovered.

I have watched the women at the money-changers', converting into gold the paper money which they suspect. They fingered the gold, then cautiously and awkwardly held up a corner of a veil to inspect it, taking good care all the time that neither I nor the money-changer should see their faces.

Even in Angora itself the majority were veiled, or at least wore the old costume of *charchaff* with the veil thrown back over the head. And in the old town inside the castle walls on the hill above Angora, where live most of the minor Government officials, the women all went veiled.

THE practice is a curious and very ancient survival. It is not laid down in the Koran, nor did the Prophet order it, though he had little belief in the virtue of women. The Byzantines at one time veiled their women. Some Christian sects in the Lebanon do so today. Its origin lies away back in the dim twilight of history. There was a tradition as old as time that the devil could whisper in the ears of a woman and produce abortion. Women covered their ears and so their hair. St. Paul, looking at it from another angle, orders that women have their hair covered when they enter the house of worship. From such sources and out of the passionate male jealousy of Arabs and Turks, has grown the veiling of women.

The veil is a true symbol of the fact that the vast mass of Turkish women live in the old bondage, untouched by modern reforms. The Turkish Government is carrying out an extensive educational scheme which will undoubtedly vitally change the outlook of the next generation. But this generation of women has failed to grasp the great opportunities given them. In more speeches than one Mustapha Kemal has expressed his disapproval of the retrograde outlook of the Turkish women of the interior of Turkey.

There is, however, a small section of the Turkish women who are advanced. They are usually well educated and speak several languages.

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Many have been trained at Robert College, the American University on the Bosphorus, and know English well, and it is possible to get into touch with them and their ideas at once.

These ladies have discarded the veil and flung away all the distinctive Turkish dress. From the old seclusion they have swept to the other extreme. They have become more European than the European, more extravagant in dress, in dancing, in talking, in outlook and manner of life. As one said to me, "We have become more infidel than the infidel."

THE physical result is disappointing. Here and there one sees a girl of Circassian blood who is exquisitely beautiful, but as a whole the Turkish women are unlovely. Their ancestors have mixed their blood with every race in the Ottoman Empire, Arabs, Egyptians, Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, Circassians, Albanians, Jews. They admired fat women. The results today are ungainly figures and legs and sallow complexions. The old Turkish dress was capable of making a plain woman look attractive. It gave an air of simplicity, of mystery and charm. European clothes do not suit as well. I have been at tea-parties in the suburbs of Constantinople to which the women came in the old dress and then took off the *charchaff* cloak and the head-dress, and the result was to destroy the illusion of their good looks.

In 1922 it seemed as if this section of Turkish women were going to take an active and important part in the reconstruction of Turkey; many held important posts. They were patriotic, religious, fired with enthusiasm; I believed then that they would make a good show. Today they have little influence. They do not fill business or the professions as in England and America. They confine themselves to the lesser educational posts and to their family and social affairs.

THE majority of Turks dislike the liberty of women, and they hate the idea of their women meeting face to face and talking with foreigners. I have tested it in many places by asking Turks what they would think if they saw me talking to a Turkish woman. One and all they expressed their dislike, ranging from intense hatred to courteous disapproval. They are as they have always been, intensely jealous, a jealousy that has nothing to do with their religion, but is male and animal, and increased by their dislike of foreigners. Even the handful who rule Turkey, who are very advanced in their views, who are encouraging the women to discard the veil and take up civilian work, cannot free themselves of this feeling. Except in Constantinople, it would be unwise, even dangerous, for a foreigner to talk to a Turkish woman, and if a Turkish woman talked with a man other than those of her own family, there would probably be trouble and she would certainly be ill thought of.

Where the veil has been discarded, as in Constantinople, there is a curious and outstanding change. Sex has ceased to be the one absorbing topic, the one amusement, the one aim in life among Turks. In fact, the men seem to have lost interest in the women. Perhaps the wearing of

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European clothes and the freedom has destroyed the lure of the secret and the forbidden. For example, I sat eating *muhalibe*, a Turkish sweet, in a shop in Skutari, when two smartly dressed and good-looking Turkish girls came in, sat at the next table, and, when they had finished, paid their bill and went out. Up to 1923 they would certainly have been followed by half a dozen young bloods, an officer or two, and perhaps a couple of cadets from the military college. But these two were unnoticed. No man waited outside the shop on the chance of catching their eye, nor did the shopman even look at them with interest. And I got the impression that the women rather missed the old days and wanted someone to look at them, notice them, even follow them.

BRIEFLY, Turkey is in the transition stage. Its future is problematic. The handful who rule are, in the face of great odds, trying to form it into a state. They have still much to destroy before they can hope to build clean and well, and they are still destroying. One of the greatest problems is the women. As a whole they have slipped back into the old life, veiled, secluded, ignorant, fanatical as before, and in this they are encouraged by the men. To change this is to get at the heart of the whole problem.

If the rulers with their advanced views and their extensive educational policy can retain power for a generation, they will change the whole life of Turkey. If they fall before that there is no telling what will happen.

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Liberals and the Church

By Selden Peabody Delany

An observer standing between the extremists ponders the possible benefits of forbearance in the present disputes of religious radicals and conservatives

In most of the theological discussions which nowadays are accorded such liberal space in the public press, much prominence has been given to the personal element. From a journalistic standpoint this is naturally the most valued element in any news story. But the result has been that many readers have gained the impression that the papers, and inferentially the public at large, have been interested not so much in the truth or falsity of sensational expressions of theological opinion as in the success or failure of certain widely known clergymen to maintain their freedom of utterance.

That large portion of the public whose opinions are formed by the newspapers apparently cares very little whether Dr. Fosdick was right in his contention that the Presbyterian Church ought to be large enough to embrace those who believe in the Virgin Birth of Christ and those who do not. The public, like Gallio, seems to care for none of these things. The public is primarily interested in Dr. Fosdick. Here is an outstanding personality with many striking qualities as a man and preacher, and someone has evidently been trying to muzzle him. He stands forth as a champion of free speech and the right to think for himself. The sympathy, if not of the whole public, at any rate of large sections of it, is frankly with this liberal preacher.

This presents an interesting problem in contemporary social psychology. Why is it that in America today the popular sympathy is almost always on the side of the men who are accused of departing from the traditional beliefs of their Church? Let us set down, with as much fairness as we can command in an atmosphere so overcharged with theological prejudice and bitterness, some of the mental and emotional factors which account for such sympathy.

The public admires the courage of such men. They have dared to criticize widely accepted standards and beliefs. They are not afraid to face a possible ecclesiastical trial which might lead to their being deprived of their official titles and honors. They are not dismayed by persecution in its unpleasant modern

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form of bitter innuendoes and scornful sneers. They are regarded by many as pathfinders blazing a trail through the forests of ignorance and superstition to the open country of God's truth. They display many of the qualities which have always elicited hero worship on the part of the populace.

THE public entertains a suspicion that these men who defy tradition are but following the example of Jesus Christ when He denounced the Pharisees for imposing on the people heavy "burdens grievous to be borne," and for making the word of God of no effect by their tradition. He did not hesitate to break the traditional hampering restrictions of Sabbath observance by allowing His disciples to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath day. He enunciated the true principle governing such actions when He said, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." On this ground it is argued that religious teachers should be left free to follow what they regard as the leading of the Holy Spirit, even when they are thereby violating credal obligations which they have promised to observe. Those who criticize such men, it is contended, are but taking their stand with the narrow-minded and self-righteous Pharisees who criticized and persecuted Christ.

We should always, it is claimed, be open-minded toward new truth. In science, politics, and history, we esteem it a virtue to be ever in search of new facts, new systems, new remedies. Why should it not be a virtue in religion? With ever-widening vistas of scientific truth spreading out before us, with our deeper understanding through the new psychology of the workings of the human mind, and with the insight gained by the application of critical and historical methods to the study of early documents and the history of religions, we ought to be in a much better position to construct an adequate religion for the modern world than men of more limited opportunities who lived nineteen centuries ago. It is felt that any ecclesiastical obscurantist who attempts to hinder these bold pioneers in their work of spiritual discovery is committing a crime against humanity.

ONE of the root principles of the Protestant Reformation was the right of the individual to interpret the Bible by his own unaided reason, and to formulate his own conclusions in all matters pertaining to religion. A Protestant preacher should therefore have the right to preach whatever religious ideas he has arrived at through an earnest and prayerful study of the Scriptures. With Catholics the case is admittedly different. Catholics are under authority, and hold that the Church is the only interpreter of Holy Scripture, and therefore Catholic preachers are permitted to teach merely such doctrines as are in accord with the Church's authoritative tradition.

Just as popular trust in governments has been rudely shaken in our modern world, so has the confidence of religious people in their ecclesiastical authorities. Many nations would welcome a dictator like Mussolini who would take their so-called representative assemblies by the scruff of the neck and make them carry out the popular will. If this violent

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method may be resorted to in the sphere of government, why may it not also be legitimate in the ecclesiastical sphere? Should we not welcome any strong man who will have the courage to dictate to general assemblies and councils of bishops and make them accept the kind of religion that the people want? After all, we live in a democratic age. Why should not religion, like everything else, be made democratic? Let us decide by popular vote just what we need to believe and to do in order to be saved.

Such are some of the factors that account for the popular sympathy that almost always greets theological insurgents, at least in the United States. Without attempting a categorical reply to the reasons above detailed, must we not in all fairness ask what considerations may be urged on the other side of the question? The three following arguments have been urged on behalf of those who are trying to defend the traditional Christian beliefs.

THE first question we should attempt to answer is whether religious truth is of the same character as scientific truth. If it is, then undoubtedly we should always be ready to welcome new truth. We should strive to maintain the hopeful attitude of seekers, and beware of falling into the self-satisfied attitude of those who have found. If, on the other hand, religious truth for the Christian is that body of facts and principles which has been definitely revealed by God — progressively through the Hebrew lawgivers and prophets, finally and completely through His Incarnate Son, Jesus Christ — then the only religious truth with which we need concern ourselves is fixed and unchangeable. The investigations of Biblical exegetes and dogmatic theologians can neither add to it nor subtract from it. To the Christian who believes in revelation, whatever is new in religious truth is necessarily false. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new: for he saith, the old is better." This is quite a different situation from that which we meet with in the study of science. For there it is almost always the new that is valuable and the old that is false and outworn.

THIS does not mean that our comprehension of the truth that God has revealed may not change. There remains legitimate room for development both for the individual and for the Church. The individual, as his spiritual experience grows wider and deeper, discovers an ever richer significance in the truths of the faith which he has accepted. The Church, too, believes in development of doctrine. After the early ecumenical councils had restated and redefined the belief of the Church in the fact of the Incarnation, the Church had a far clearer understanding of the divine Person and the divine and human natures of Jesus Christ than did the Church of the Apostolic Age. This is true notwithstanding the fact that the conciliar decrees of Nicæa and Chalcedon and Ephesus added nothing to the truth about Christ which He Himself had revealed to His apostles.

It has happened from time to time that the Christian faith has been restated and redefined by the Church in language that would be intelligible

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to the thought of the day. In the Nicene period it was restated in terms of the Greek philosophy; in the Middle Ages, in terms of the scholastic philosophy. If we ever succeed in working out a coherent modern philosophy which will prove generally acceptable, the old revealed truth may need to be restated again. This restatement must be done by the whole Church, not by self-chosen individuals. It will never, however, be necessary nor even possible that any new truth should be discovered which must be added to what God has already revealed. The restated faith must be the same faith which was implicitly held by the first generations of Christians; only the necessities of adaptation have led to its being unfolded into the more explicit and developed faith of a later age.

Most of the religious organizations which we loosely call churches (it is difficult to see how there can be more than one Church, if the Church is the Body of Christ) have drawn up definite standards of belief. This is quite as true of the Protestant group as of the Catholic. When a man is ordained to the ministry of a religious body he pledges himself to preach and teach in conformity with the creeds and confessional standards which that religious body has set forth as a concise summary of the truths of the Gospel. He promises to preach the Gospel as thus interpreted by the Church which has given him his commission and authority. The Gospel as preached by a Presbyterian minister is not the same Gospel as that preached by a Unitarian minister; and both are considerably removed from the Gospel as preached by a Catholic priest.

If the individual clergyman has ceased to believe in the standards of doctrine and morals which at his ordination he promised to uphold, he is admittedly free to resign from the ministry altogether. If he does not wish to do that, he may become an independent teacher with a pulpit of his own; or he may apply for ordination either in some religious body with whose tenets he is more in sympathy, or in some organization like the Community Church, which imposes no restrictions of belief upon its pastors or members.

He may think it his duty to remain where he is and throw the weight of his influence into an effort to reform the credal statements of his Church so that they may be more in harmony with his own opinions. If he chooses this course it would seem more ethical, if not more dignified and well-mannered, for him to retire temporarily from his position as an official teacher of the Church and endeavor through personal influence and through his writings to bring the rest of the Church to his way of thinking. If the standards and beliefs of the Church are to be changed it would seem self-evident that the Church, and not the individual clergyman, must change them.

It is true that we live in a democratic age; and there is much to be said on Christian grounds for democracy as a method of secular government. It fits in admirably with the Golden Rule: we should like to see all our neighbors have a voice in

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determining how they shall be governed, because we wish to have something to say as to how we shall be governed. This is the principle of democracy, that every man and woman should have a voice in the government. When it comes to religion, there is not so much to be said for democracy. The Christian religion at any rate undeniably began with the preaching of a kingdom, the Kingdom of God. By no possible interpretation can we make the Kingdom of God over into a democracy or a Soviet republic.

THE Christian religion is concerned with the truth that God has revealed. The primary necessity is that we should find out what that truth is and what God wants us to do; what requirements He has laid down for admission into His Kingdom; what means He has established to give us His help. We cannot answer these questions by holding a plebiscite. Not even by the initiative, referendum, and recall can we gain the light we need.

A favorite hymn with Christians of every age is *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. They are called soldiers because they belong to an army, and that army is the Church Militant here on earth. The Church is an army with God as its Leader. Never yet in the history of the world has it been found practicable to manage an army on democratic principles. There can be no effective army without discipline and obedience to orders.

Democracy may be the ideal form of government, but it has its limitations. It cannot be applied to every human situation. It will not work in time of war. Its usefulness may be doubted in family life or in education. It is not applicable to the Christian religion. What Christians need is not more democracy, but more love and obedience.

These are the two opposing sides in the controversy. They might be designated, by one not wholly in sympathy with either of them, as the spirit of worldliness and the spirit of ecclesiasticism. They seem as wide apart as the poles. Is there any way of making peace between them and welding them into a permanent unity? Is it possible to arrive at a synthesis which will harmoniously combine the critical tendency in religion with the conservative?

If it is anybody's business to attempt such an apparently hopeless task it is the business of the Church. For the Church ideally must be filled with the Spirit of the Good Shepherd, Who bears gently and lovingly with those who are out of the way, goes after them, gives Himself to them, draws them nearer to Himself and leads them safely back into the fold. He said Himself, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God." If such peacemakers are not to be found among the members of His Church, where can they be found?

IT IS the Christian character that makes for peace. To possess true interior peace means to be in union with God and with our neighbors. It is nothing less than the fulness of love. To bring men into this union with God and their brethren, it is necessary to manifest in our dealings with them the spirit of Christ which is perfect love. "Love suffereth long and is kind," "love thinketh no evil."

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To all men of good-will the force of true Christian love is irresistible.

Yet we know also that we cannot be indifferent to the cause of truth. In dwelling on the principle that God is Love, we must not forget that God is Truth. To strive for peace by making a compromise between truth and error is but to make way for that false peace which Christ refused to give. ("Not peace, but a sword.") We can have no patience with the shallow sophistry that it makes no difference what we believe if we are trying to live rightly, because in the long run it is what we believe about God and our relations with Him and our eternal destiny that will determine the kind of life we shall live. Each man must hold and teach what he is fully persuaded in his own mind is true. If he is in error, let wise men, who know the truth, lovingly and firmly show him in what way he has erred. God's truth will prevail in the end. "Great is the truth, and stronger than all things." (I. Esdras 4:35.)

Does not this simple combination of truth with love suggest a possible means of attaining peace? Men must be guided into the truth by the Spirit and by the methods of love. Where can we find a better guiding principle than the inspired phrase of St. Paul, "speaking the truth in love"? (Eph. 4:15.) Let us see then what are some of the practical implications of this method.

We should all set forth, positively and constructively, the truth as we see it, instead of wasting our time and stirring up strife by attacking what we consider the errors and heresies of our neighbors. Christian teachers are never so unconvincing as when they are on the defensive. They convey the impression that the Church is weak and that the faith is crumbling under the attacks of the enemy. The truth of God does not need defending, it needs exposition. The Church has a positive message to deliver to the world, the good news of the Gospel, and along with the delivery of that message the Church must carry on an aggressive campaign against the forces of evil in the world. Those tasks will require all her energies and it is foolish to fritter them away on internal strife.

Heresy trials are to be avoided at all costs. They simply generate the spirit of hatred and animosity among Christians who ought to live and work together as brethren. Furthermore, they may spread broadcast the opinions of the men who are being tried. One heresy trial is worth millions in publicity to the accused, and it severely retards the cause of true religion and virtue.

It would be far better if those who are maintaining the traditional Christian beliefs would redeem the opportunities afforded by theological controversy, and use the space that may be placed at their disposal in the public press to set the public right on the issues in question. Public controversies of this kind always turn the attention of serious-minded people to the works of scholars who have dealt exhaustively with the subjects under debate. During the time when the papers were giving so much space to the utterances of one noted religious radical, the New York supply of the first American edition of Bishop Gore's brilliant

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work on *Belief in Christ* was exhausted in a few weeks. In the end, such controversy can only serve to promote the cause of truth.

However much we may differ with one another, would it not be possible for all of us to manifest greater confidence and trust in men who appear to be sincere followers of Christ? Might we not endeavor to think the best of them, rather than the worst? It would certainly be a salutary exercise in Christian charity if we could strive to see things from the standpoint of men who differ from us, show an appreciative grasp of the elements of truth in their theological position, and render them such loving assistance as we may in their difficulties.

There are two ways of attaining what we must all recognize as a desirable Christian ideal — that we should be "all of one mind" in the Church of God. One choice is the way of force, or ecclesiastical militarism. By this method oneness of mind is secured by driving everybody out of the Church who does not see eye to eye with those in power, or with the majority. The other way is the way of love. According to this method, however much we may differ in theological opinion, we can at least "have compassion one of another," and we can "love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." In this atmosphere of fellowship and courtesy, it would be possible for Christian brethren who hold divergent views to gain a more sympathetic understanding of each other's position; the rough points of difference would be softened down or disappear entirely; allowance could be made for differences of temperament or of philosophical background; and ultimately this oneness of heart and spirit might amalgamate the two contrary positions into a higher synthesis. The way of love would seem more in harmony with the Spirit of Christ than the way of force.

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Invasion

By Phyllis Bottome

The scented evening was too beautiful, the moss-grown terrace of the Italian garden too full of an old magic. There was a cruelty in the young leaves which glistened in the failing light; the vivid scents of the flowers caught and clung to Stella like tiny fierce hands, twisting and tearing at her heart.

The garden wanted to make her love David. The lilac was clamorous for it, the pungent heliotrope enmeshed her like a net. She could not break through the scents of all the flowers to the clear isolation which her soul loved. Only her heart rebelled against these treacherous, romantic pressures. For twenty-five years she had kept free, no tie had held her except the inviolate bond of her music.

"Why won't you listen to me?" David urged. "What makes you so cruel and aloof? What makes your heart so cold and hard?"

"It isn't yours," said Stella with sudden brutality. "It's neither hard nor cold; it's merely my own!"

"Then why do you hold me like a dog on a chain?" he demanded. "For years you've let me follow you. Do you dare to tell me that you've done it without love?"

She knew she had held him; but he was punishing her for her virtues. It was her kindness and her patience which had kept him near her — never her love.

"You asked me to try to learn to care for you," she said in a low voice, "that's been my mistake. I *have* tried. But at least if I've failed I've cared for you more than for any other man; and if you want to know, I always shall. There is no one else."

She shut her eyes, and again the lilac caught and shook her; the scented darkness was more dangerous than David.

"I would leave you free as air," he pleaded. "I love your music, I understand it. Haven't I even written it for you? I don't want to touch your career. I know instinctively just how much you can care — and just how little! What I can't for the life of me see is why you won't let go, let go for one moment — risk something — and see what comes of it!"

Stella hesitated. Let go? Yes — but let go of what? She couldn't let go, when she didn't know what she was holding on to!

"I want to give you what I can't," she said at last. "But if you were to take the shell of me, and that's all I could let you take, you might break something in me, something which you can never reach. That's why I won't say 'Do with me what

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you like!' I'm tired enough to say it!"

He was silent for a long time; when he spoke again some of the weariness she felt had crept into his voice: "Well," he said, "you've been as generous perhaps as you can be. I asked you for this month in Italy alone together as a final trial. I see I've failed. Something is between us. I don't know what, but something as tangible as another man."

She felt his hand close on hers, and neither resisted nor returned his pressure. She could not feel in herself anything that answered to his claim on her.

"How monotonous love is," she said impatiently, withdrawing her cool fingers, "and how tyrannical! Your wishes and your fears close me in like the lid of a box. I don't *want* to feel like that. I don't want to be imprisoned by your hands and arms, by your tenderness even! I feel better when you take your hand away — more alive. Now leave me for a little, David. I must get ready for my concert. In two hours I must play."

"WHY do you cut me away from your public life too?" he demanded fiercely. "You have never let me hear you play. There isn't a piece of you I'm free to call mine. I may give you anything I've got — the music for your art out of my very soul — and you'll take it, but I'm not to hear it — not in public when you're really free — for even you know that an artist's only half an artist without his audience!"

"My dear," she said quietly, "I don't trust myself. No one is real to me except you. The audience are all shadows, and I am not afraid of shadows. If you were there I might feel your real presence, and it would disturb me. I have a feeling that something might happen to me — I don't know what!"

"Try!" he said with sudden eagerness. "Let us see what will happen! Perhaps the thing that is between us is just that you have shut me out from what you care for most. All love is sharing. Begin to share your work with me, and who knows but what I shall find your hidden heart?"

STELLA moved uneasily. She wished she were one of the invisible creatures of the night which can fly away and hide under the thin darkness of leaves. These rights claimed by other human beings, how she rebelled against them, how little she wanted to share their strange privileges! She had had all her life a fear that she might be forced to a point where emotion would be stronger than her art. Her only safety was in keeping away from people; she wanted them always at a distance, as an audience, a glass into which she might pour the sacred wine from her 'cello. Her playing was famous for its reticence, its disinterested perfection. She wasn't a woman playing — forcing her facile human feelings into the channel of the great composers — she was a sexless intellect which divined and revealed their meaning, and nothing else than their meaning. And now David asked her to risk her classical purity, to muddy the sources of the crystal stream by his warm human presence!

In her imagination she felt suddenly the weight of her 'cello. Once

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more it rested between her shoulder and her knee, held so carefully with its pointed foot on the floor, and its carved head resting above her heart, heavy and silent until she released its great, grave voice.

She opened her eyes, and found herself alone in the night. David had obeyed, and left her; but he had taken her silence for consent to his last appeal. He would come to hear her play. A shiver shook her from head to foot. The purple hills which held Florence in a cup at her feet drew nearer to her, the silvery plain melted into darkness; and the towered city blurred and thickened like a cloud.

Suddenly the silence broke; she heard a thrilling, subtle sound, as if the night itself were warning her of a new pain. The voice of a nightingale, close hidden in an ilex tree, spurted into the dark, like blood. The fiery torrent beat down upon her lonely pride, attacking her with beauty. When the music ceased, the silence hung as if petrified above the forlorn last notes.

She turned quickly and ran up the broad stone stairs to the refuge of her cool room. Her 'cello lay on her bed. She opened the case gently, drew it out and wiped it tenderly with a soft silken cloth. She slipped her fingers over the strings and then, returning her jewel to its velvet shell, she gave a swift perfunctory glance at the tall mirror to see if she were worthy to companionate her instrument. Stella knew that she was beautiful, but she bitterly resented the critics who spoke of her looks as if what she had to give was the mere brittle personal gift of her beauty, and not the impersonal, timeless essence of her art.

Through the long drive alone to the concert hall, she closed her eyes and let the music she was going to play move slowly before them. She forgot David and his importunate love.

She passed serenely into the hall; the platform was not too large, the piano was satisfactory, between her and her accompanist was a bond which reassured without claiming anything. Stella drew the dark golden brown creature of curves and polished surfaces against her heart, slowly and firmly she touched in turn the long, vibrant strings, listening to the very being of her instrument, drawing each separate string into harmony before she prepared to release its voice. Then she glanced up with a brief nod and smile towards the pianist, and bending back her head, gave herself profoundly into the keeping of her 'cello.

At first she was conscious of nothing but the music, the steady consecutive phrases slowly moulding themselves upon the air. Her fingers obeyed her instinct with a simultaneous, triumphant ease. In the serene, confident partnership she hardly knew what she gave or what she took; but after a time she became conscious of a new element. Her 'cello itself had become alive. She was no longer alone with the music, something else was there, invading her senses and pressing its way forward into her heart. It had happened, this thing Stella had always feared; emotion was clamoring at the doors of her senses. David was in the safe, shadowy audience, forcing upon her

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the dangerous reality of love. He had known how to reach her through this medium common to them both. But it was not David who entered — his clamorous love-making had but opened the door to someone else. This intruder who shook her senses apart, who filled her nerves with fire, was not David.

PANIC shook her, her hands clung to the strings as if they would help her to bar the alien presence out. But the invasion was within her; it was a part of the instrument itself, the very strings which she had tuned into a velvety harmony betrayed her. They welcomed the intrusion — they clung to her like the menacing scents, like tiny fierce hands. Her body became inert like a leaf caught in a storm. She felt herself controlled, held fast in the grasp of a lover. All her life she had given herself to sound as a bird gives itself to the air. But now she was no longer free in this element, she was possessed. She had been a priestess dedicated to an abstract art, her god a cool intellectual process; now every pulse in her beat with the tremendous impetus of passion; and she knew that her god was a consuming fire.

This being which was about her, which had entered into her, was not separate from her music. She could never cut herself adrift from it, nor bring it under her control. There was no escape possible, for she knew now what it was; it was the 'cello itself.

She mastered the outward signs of her instinctive horror. No one who listened knew that for blind intolerable seconds her world rocked and split. Her will forced the conflict of her startled heart into a stately rhythm. She was obedient to the Heavenly Vision, though it had betrayed her, had driven her into a union with a strange power. She no longer controlled her instrument — some terrible released spirit in it held and controlled her.

When she had finished playing, the applause that burst upon her was overwhelming. Till now she had been aware of her audience as if it were the gray background of a picture, but this crowd that rose up in an ecstasy forced a deeper recognition. She had never before been given anything by an audience — what they gave her now flooded her heart. In spite of herself an excitement and a new strength were born from her shuddering helplessness; the 'cello which weighed tragically upon her, tortured her with an incredible delight. It was not the audience which had betrayed her; they were triumphing over her defeat, but they were blameless.

THE instrument she held in her arms was her guilty lover. Her nervous hands touching it would have torn it, and flung the strings in broken handfuls at her feet. But she could not. Deeper than her anguish stirred a new life. She saw no one, but in the blur of myriad eyes a new consciousness held her; and she heard nothing — not one lonely soaring note — but in the mad applause of the clapping hands she felt a sudden fellowship.

She played again and yet again to allay that empty storm of sound — or to deepen that sense of fellowship? Her hands ached, and her flying fingers felt like lead, her heart beat slow and fumblingly like an old man's. But the music was alive; it was life.

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At last they let her go. She was in the artists' room surrounded by the informed applause of her critics. She was numb and their impassioned praise meant nothing. They were shadows, noisy ignorant shadows who interrupted the stubborn combat in her heart.

At last they left her; she was alone in her car filled to the brim with cruel, scented flowers. Roses and violets, carnations and heliotrope, lilac in trees of white and lavender, and stiff camellias, red as blood or white as snow. There was hardly room for her and for the 'cello. The walls of flowers shut her in.

THE chauffeur gave her a note: "I know now why you cannot love me," she read, "and I will never try to see you again."

It did not matter what happened to David; but she felt a vague sense of relief. The citadel had fallen, but at least no foot of man had entered its proud gates.

She sank back with closed eyes into the merciful darkness. Slow tears crept through her lids and spread over her cheeks.

"I was alone before," she whispered, "and now I shall never be alone again."

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Sing All a Green Willow

By Josephine McGill

One whose heart was won by their mournful charm wrote of the "hurtin' songs" surviving in the Kentucky Hills from the ancient days of balladry

Modern feminine psychology, with its dogma of self-reliance, its will-to-joy, its conviction that "women are people," has small patience with the Griselda type of heroine, still less with the more fragile creature who pined away and died because, forsooth, her love proved false or cold. To the valiant protagonist of contemporary life or fiction, barricaded against defeat by her artistic and civic interests, her activities in the industrial, commercial, professional worlds, the complaint of Mariana, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead," and the more impassioned cry, "Mein Lieb ist falsch! O wäre ich tod!", reflects an exaggerated idea of the importance of love in the career of a self-respecting "person".

Without disparaging the intrepid ladies who so indomitably meet the problems of life — whether real, or imagined by an inspired novelist — some of us must acknowledge a lingering fondness for a less hardy feminine type encountered in Old-world ballad-books and in certain songs surviving in the Old and New World countryside — such isolated regions, for example, as the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia. Here one meets with Barbara Allen, Fair Margaret and Ellinor, the ladies Nancie Belle and Maisry, and a score of others frail and fated, whose stories, as told by the ancient balladist, retain perennial freshness. It cannot be denied that the American versions of these old tales are often corrupt and fragmentary; but even in such form they have retained something of their magic, and have availed to keep alive the fires of imagination in the people who have preserved them — their survival testifying at once to the undying charm of the romances and to some endowment of taste in the people who have treasured them.

An investigation of these Old World survivals has many alluring ramifications: the tracing of the literary texts to their sources, the comparison of these versions with those of the Old World and with one another, the equally absorbing inquiries regarding the musical texts. Not the least engrossing question

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concerning these transported ballads is that of the types which have withstood the forces working for their destruction since they were brought to this country by colonist and pioneer.

One notes with Professor Belden that ballads having a supernatural element are rare; this feature is sensibly weakened where it does survive. Such an example as *The House Carpenter* is illustrative, the very title showing a falling-off in intensity of suggestion, a foreshortening of the preternatural, both notable and regrettable, in comparison with the Old World title, *The Dæmon Lover*. Ballads on historical subjects are seldom found; the discovery of such a one as *The Death of Queen Jane*, found in Knott County, Kentucky, being an unusual and exhilarating experience. Under altered conditions, in a land far from their source of inspiration, stories of such special interest as the historical have given way to those having more general appeal; while a certain piquancy of situation, characteristic of *The Six King's Daughters* and *The Gypsie Laddie*, is keenly appreciated and held in memory through many generations and tides of change. So universal a theme as domestic tragedy makes for the popularity and longevity of a ballad in any age and clime. But the most fondly preserved is the ballad of love, and especially unhappy love.

For our ballad-singing folk of the Kentucky mountains — and their preference is typical — no theme is so moving, so imbued with endearing charm, as that of lovers who walked hand in hand with death. To people who spend their days amid the essential realities — birth and death, love and hate; whose strong and simple passions are not enfeebled by the "itch of ill-advised activity" prevalent among city-dwellers, songs of those who loved and died and "died of love" make an immediate appeal. "It's a hurtin' song" is a frequent approving comment made by these country people.

Of all such canticles of woe the one most familiar to mountain balladists, as to all the English-speaking world, is *Barbara Allen*. There are few of us who have reached the misty mid-region as to our years who have not burned with indignant sympathy for the youth whose sole comfort from the lips of his scornful beloved was the remark, cruel and ungracious even from a ballad heroine, "Young man, I think you're dying". Later in the story, it is true, our indignation changes to pity when, looking upon the face of her dead lover, Barbara turns away, weeping:

> O mother, mother, make my bed,
> Go make it long and narrow;
> Young Jemmy died for me today,
> I'll die for him tomorrow.

One might question if, perhaps, the tune had not something to do with the universal popularity of this ballad, as is undoubtedly the case with *Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon*, for all its heartbreaking sentiment, and *Annie Laurie* for all its touching story; but *Barbara Allen* has been sung to almost as many different tunes as there are localities where it is known, so we can only conclude that the power to withstand the withering blight of time lies in the human appeal of the story.

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Another reason that might be advanced, however, is the modernity of the heroine's psychology. There is a hint of subtle mental process animating Barbara's conduct entirely absent in the case of most ballad heroines; they are for the most part creatures of simple emotions and quick, decisive actions; but there is something in Barbara's coolness, her deliberation, most of all in her accessibility to remorse that is more complex, more modern, less according to fixed type than is the swift passionate action of the other heroines who commit the irretrievable with no chance for after-thought. Of none of them do we read a passage like the following:

So slowly, slowly, she got up,
And slowly she went from him;
The birds they sang so clear in her ear,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

Thus she comes down to us beloved and remembered, not as cruel Barbara Allen, but as bonny Barbara Allen; like young Jemmy Grove we sense something in her other than her cruelty, and we feel that he was wise to die forgiving her and commending her to the kindness of his dear friends all.

ALMOST as familiar as *Barbara Allen*, to a generation now venerable, is the heroine of *Lord Lovel*. No more blithe and charming picture adorns the pages of English balladry than is conjured by the first lines:

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle wall,
Combing his milk-white steed;
Down came the lady Nancie Belle,
A-wishing her lover good-speed.

The brightness of the picture is quickly marred when Lord Lovel, with joyous masculine instinct for freedom, proclaims his intention of going away, strange countries for to see. In most versions the lady accepts this sudden and desolating news with no protest save that implied in her eager question: "When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" or in the poignant exclamation:

O seven, seven, long years,
They are far too long for me!

In the Kinloch version she cries prophetically: "'Tis too lang, Lord Lovel, a true lover for to see." When, after a year's absence, a languishing thought came into his mind, Lord Lovel returned as capriciously as he had departed:

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Until he came to the town;
And there he heard Saint Pancras bells,
And the women all mourning round.

THIS portion of the narrative recalls a French story, *Pierre of Grenoble*, whose hero, however, is not so discourteous a knight as to leave his lady for a mere whim, but goes under compulsion when his regiment is ordered away. Acting on premonition — that factor frequently operative in ballad literature — he asks for leave of absence; returning he hears the bells of Grenoble tolling from afar; with more color than the English story, the lines tell:

Scarce has he entered Grenoble town
When his true love appears;
Beside her thirty gentle dames
And twenty cavaliers.

Like Lord Lovel he asks to look upon the face of his sweetheart; like Lord Lovel,

He looks upon her snow-white face
And dies before them all.

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If Barbara Allen is endeared to us by her human qualities, and Lady Nancie Belle by her quickly overshadowed brightness, the heroine of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* charms us no less in being *par excellence* the ideal "fair ladie" of the ballads. She is on the scene, so to speak, a living breathing presence for but two brief stanzas; yet so consummate was the art of the old balladist, she remains unforgettably pictured as gentle, charming — and gay; for the "fair ladie" of the ballads was never of rueful countenance; the terms, "fair ladie" and "gay ladie", being in fact interchangeable. It is thus we see her, an enchanting figure:

Lyddy Marget was sitting in her own bower room,
Combing her yellow hair;
She saw Sweet William and his new bride,
As they came riding near.

Lyddy Marget threw down her golden comb,
And quickly she bound up her hair;
And away she went from her own bower room,
No more to be seen there.*

By suggestion more than by bald statement all loveliness and grace are hers, also a certain delicate elusiveness recalling another ill-fated heroine, The Lady of Shalott; she has, moreover, the quality of a high free spirit that scorned an existence deprived of the loved object. To renounce life on such grounds may seem to some captious critics unworthy of a true heroine; to us, however, still incompletely reconstructed, as are the ladies of whom we write, to end thus in one great moment of heart-break seems in these unromantic days a glamorous and an enviable death.

A story somewhat akin to *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* is *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor*, popularly known in the mountain versions as *Fair Ellender*, *The Brown Girl*, or *Lord Thomas*. In a collection of old ballads dated 1723, it is called *A Tragical Ballad on the Unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor Together with the Downfall of the Brown Girl* — a title which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of explicitness, fulfilling the dictum of Samuel Butler that a good title should aim at making what follows superfluous to those who know anything of the subject. However, to elaborate the title: the story tells how Lord Thomas, yielding to parental pressure, forsakes his true sweetheart, Fair Ellinor, to marry the Brown Girl who has "more riches and more pride" — in the words of a South-European ballad on somewhat the same theme, without the murder element. The rejected sweetheart being bade to the wedding by her old lover is warned by her mother to tarry at home for fear of enemies. Fair Ellinor makes the spirited rejoinder, that though there may be many of her foes, "To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go".

The picture describes how she arrayed herself for this festival, fraught for her with such bitter irony:

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maids she dressed in green;
And every town that she passed through,
They took her to be some queen.

She not only goes to the wedding of her former lover but gives herself

*Letcher County, Kentucky.

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the further satisfaction of making a tactless, malicious allusion to the bride: "I think she looks wondrous brown". Lord Thomas utters a feeble protest, particularly quaint in the mountain version: "Despise her not, Fair Ellen . . . I love the end of your little finger much more than her whole bodie". The Brown Girl exhibits natural resentment at this additional affront and, with her little pen-knife, precipitates a triple tragedy:

> Between the long ribs and the short
> She pierced fair Ellender's heart.

Lord Thomas avenges fair Ellender's death by slaying the Brown Girl and then ends his own life, with his last breath asking that the "three lovers" (*sic*) be buried in one grave — fair Ellender at his feet.

As an example of unconscious art in balladry few surpass this one in its handling of the dramatic situation, its skilfully contrasted types, its ratio of values, the dark and tragic tones so dexterously lightened by the charming description of Fair Ellinor and her retinue. In any analysis of the spell still potent in the ballads, some recognition must be given to such touches of artistry, conscious or otherwise, whether the inspiration of a gifted but unknown bard, or the spirit of poetry expressing itself through the mouth of the crowd which passed along these romantic and enduring tales.

While the later day novelist may exhaust the reader and his heroine with an elaborate rehearsal of the latter's woes, the creators of the ballads never commit this error against wit and the demand of the dramatic situation. The critical points are handled with swiftness and brevity; numerous stanzas may be necessary to create the *mise-en-scène* of the tragic episode; but once reached, the crucial moment is disposed of in a few flashing phrases — with fine intuition for the dramatic instant which cannot be prolonged without losing its poignancy.

Pitiful as is the fate of those ladies whom love has destroyed, no less affecting is that of those whom love has confounded or left forlorn. In *Clerk Saunders*, a ballad resembling the above narrative, the heroine follows the ghost of her lover to the green forest where he lies buried, and asks with piteous insistence:

> Is there ony room at your head, Saunders,
> Is there ony room at your feet?
> Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
> Where fain, fain, I would sleep?

He answers that there is no room in his bed "full lowly"; with the crowing of the "milk white cock" and the gray:

> Her lover vanish'd in the air,
> And she gaed weeping away.

There is a pathetic finality here which the most finished and conscious art could scarcely better.

Like *Clerk Saunders*, the ballad, *Willie and Lady Maisry*, closes not with the death of the heroine but, more pitifully,

> No meen was made for this young knight
> In bowers where he lay slain;
> But all was for sweet Maisry bright,
> In fields where she ran brain, my dear,
> In fields where she ran brain.

Scarcely anything in English balladry is more touching than this picture of grief, whose effect is aug-

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mented by the repetition of the last line; it has the irresistible appeal to our pity that moves us when we read of Ophelia "divided from herself and her fair judgment".

In *The Two Brothers*, the lines describing the sweetheart's grief for her murdered lover are so extremely tender that by their virtue the "pretty Susanne" is numbered among those other bereft ladies who wring our hearts with pity. According to the Kentucky mountain version the two brothers go forth together and one slays the other because of jealousy. The ballad is built up cumulatively, the dying brother asking what explanation will be given to father, mother, sister, brother, and finally to his sweetheart:

What will you tell to my pretty Susanne,
When she asks for her true love John?

Other settings recount the meeting between the guilty brother and various members of his family; the mountain version, by the abrupt transition common in folk-poetry, skips to the picture of the sweetheart's grief:

She mourned the fish all out of the sea,
The birds all out of their nest;
She mourned her true love out of his grave,
Because that she could not rest.

A CURIOUS fact to be noted in connection with ballads of all countries is that rarely does a mother figure as a sympathetic factor; more commonly she appears an instrument of wrath, in this baleful guise working destruction upon the helpless and unhappy victims of her anger, jealousy, ambition, or vengeance. Unquestionably the latter rôle has greater dramatic possibilities, if not — as amiability prompts us to judge — more verisimilitude.

Giving a sinister cast to the story, the mother's influence is most frequently felt as a background, the more potent for being shadowy till the climax is reached, as in *Edward*, and *Son Davie*, and like dramas; though she often performs the evil deed herself as in *Fair Annie of Loch Royan*, where she takes advantage of darkness and storm to part husband and wife for purposes of her own. More cruel still does she appear, allying herself to unseen forces, calling down curses upon those who would thwart her will, in such ballads as *The Mother's Malison*, or *The Drowned Lovers*, with its touching final stanza:

You've had a cruel mither, Willie,
And I have had anither;
But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,
Like sister and like brither.

THE last two lines have that ineffable and indefinable touch of grace which is at once the secret and the charm of folk poetry at its best. It is a far cry from the "roaring Clyde" of the ballad to the commercial river of today, which also served as a point of departure for the troops during the war. With what bitter recollections and what irony for its modest figure may future generations read: "The noise that was in Clyde's water wou'd fear'd five hunner' men!"

The tourist who visits Newstead Abbey may find his interest diverted from its glamorous history and its most romantic resident, Lord Byron, by a gallant little figure-head trumpeting from the high top of this bonny house of Fyvie. The

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faithfulness of the jaunty trumpeter is commemorated in a ballad, and one need be but indifferently chivalrous to pause a moment and lament with the balladist the fate of its heroine, Tiftie's Annie — whose bloom was like the flowers in spring — and her lover, Andrew Lammie.

THE story is one of parental cruelty savoring of the gruesome, but there is in the faithful lovers a fresh and dauntless youth that offsets the gruesome narrative. According to local tradition, the heroine died of a broken heart in 1631. Some years after, the legend continues, the ballad being sung before a gathering in Edinburgh, a member of the company suddenly gave a deep and heavy groan which sent the buttons flying from his waistcoat. It was discovered that he was none other than the hero of the tale. This ingenuous piece of realism may not be said to contribute anything to the story's charm; much rather would we believe that he too succumbed — "For love of thee I now maun die" — according to his protest in the Jamieson version: "I come, my bonnie Annie". Such an end would be but in keeping with the true ballad tradition, for no less common was it for the youth to die upon the grave or bier of his beloved than that she should perish broken-hearted when separated from her own true love by death or other cruel circumstance.

In nearly all the above-quoted ballads — *Lord Lovel*, *Lord Thomas*, *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* — the hero shows the same unwillingness to survive the outrageous fortune of blighted love as does the frailer vessel; so if we are minded to visit contempt upon the fair but unheroic head of the latter, a proportionate scorn must be meted out to the partner of her woes. It is scarcely for their hardihood, however, that one would make a plea for these figures of romance. Their histories have not in any sense the Gothic manner, the epic strain; they have not, like the heroic tale of Percy and Douglas, the clarion voice that stirs our blood; even less are these knights upon their milk-white steeds and ladies dressed in silk so fine of the calibre that makes a happy fireside clime.

THEY are, in fact, a race apart whose charm lies in their appeal to our compassion for bright youth brought to untimely death. Their stories of human passion all too uncontrolled, told in simple homely language with flashes of poetic grace — in rhythms that lend themselves to gaiety or sadness as the narrative proceeds — have still the power to touch our hearts, to delight our fancy, whether our return to them is by a fortunate re-reading of old volumes long dusty from neglect, or by some happy accident of travel which carries us to places where balladry is still a living art, confuting the prophecy made centuries ago:

> The old bards shall cease, and their memory that lingers
> Of frail brides and faithless
> Shall be shrivelled as with fire.

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Bird Sanctuaries

By T. Gilbert Pearson

How the Federal Bird Conservation Act has given a new impetus to the creation of these needed refuges

One hundred and forty miles west of New Orleans lies the Paul J. Rainey Wild Life Sanctuary. From the watchtower at headquarters camp there may be seen extending to the horizon in every direction a vast expanse of ponds and sloughs and marsh. No trees break the view; only low bushes along the winding bayous or the dredge-dug canals give slight variety to the landscape. Its southern boundary for seven miles is the tumbling water of the old blue Gulf. Over this expanse of forty-two square miles no hunter's foot has trod for more than five years; no sound of gun-shot has disturbed its teeming wild life.

In summer the marshlands are inhabited by herons, gallinules, rails, stilts and other low-country species, and the bayou banks and levees ring with the calls of many small birds. Upon the approach of autumn the Far North sends its water fowl in prodigious numbers. To the Sanctuary come the mallards and teal from the Dakotas, canvasbacks and redheads from Canada, shovellers from somewhere in the great Northland, black ducks, widgeons, gadwalls, and still others. Among the early arrivals are the blue geese from far off Baffin Land, and with them appear the lesser snow geese.

This vast region, which was once the shooting preserve of the late Paul J. Rainey, constitutes one of several important bird refuges which the National Association of Audubon Societies owns and maintains, and was given by Mr. Rainey's sister, Mrs. Grace Rainey Rogers, who also provided an endowment for its upkeep. It is in charge of a resident superintendent who, with assistants, patrols and guards the Sanctuary against hunters, plants duck-food vegetation to augment the natural supply, and in the late winter feeds hundreds of bushels of unshelled rice to his thousands of feathered wards. Ducks quickly learn where they are protected, and it is an easy matter to photograph flocks of them feeding within a few yards of the Audubon camp. Every effort is exerted to make this an ideal wild fowl sanctuary, and conservationists from great distances come here to observe and study the methods that are employed.

Because wild fowl are today so con-

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stantly harassed by gunners from the time they leave their summer homes until their return, it is of the highest importance that many such sanctuaries should be established, especially in the Mississippi Valley and along the Atlantic and Pacific coast routes of their flight.

Congress recently provided $350,000 to build a dam to conserve the flow of Bear River where it empties into Salt Lake. The increased use of the river for irrigation in recent years has caused the waters of the Bear River marshes and alkali flats to fall so low that the ducks resorting to the region have perished in great numbers because of the foulness of the water. The writer has seen dead and dying ducks in great numbers over vast areas of this region, and the State Game Commissioner of Utah estimates that 2,000,000 ducks have died there in a single year. This figure does not cover the loss of great numbers of coots, avosets, phalaropes and other marsh-loving species. It is believed that a levee will wholly prevent this great national economic loss of wild life.

A great impetus was given to the establishment of wild life sanctuaries when on February 18, 1929, President Coolidge signed the Migratory Bird Conservation Bill, which after nine years of effort on the part of conservationists was at last passed by both Houses of Congress.

The Act provides for the establishment of a series of Federal refuges for migratory birds — especially waterfowl. For this purpose authorization was given for appropriations of $8,000,000 during a period of ten years. The money is to be used for the purchase and guarding of such areas of marsh and swamp lands as may be selected.

State governments are moving in the direction of establishing game refuges. California especially is planning to begin at once the expenditure of a large sum annually for wild fowl reservations. We are told that 71,000,000 acres of marsh and swamp lands have already been drained for commercial purposes, thus destroying the natural homes and feeding places of many ducks. Since wealthy hunters are rapidly buying the remaining duck marshes for shooting purposes, the need for swift action is obvious, if some of these regions are to be saved for the benefit of the wild fowl.

Two other distinct types of bird sanctuaries are in operation in America. One of these may be said to cover a widely scattered series of natural breeding places of water-birds. Usually these are situated on small islands either in lakes or off the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts. Birds for unknown periods of time have gathered here to breed where they may be reasonably safe from natural enemies. The object of employing special guards at such places is to protect the birds and their nests from mankind. Reservations of this nature were started twenty-five years ago to protect terns, gulls, herons, egrets, ibis and other species which at that time were extensively shot for the millinery feather trade. Thirty or more such places are today protected by the National Association. These are situated in Maine, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina,

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Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

One typical sanctuary of this class is Bird Island in Orange Lake, Florida. Here the Audubon Association owns forty acres of marsh and water in the centre of which is a low muddy island of nine acres. It is covered with willows and buttonwood bushes, and there six to eight thousand birds assemble in summer to lay their eggs and rear their young. The species in greatest abundance is the white ibis, although hundreds of large egrets, snowy egrets, night herons, Ward's herons, water turkeys (the "whang-doodle" of fiction), boat-tailed grackles, least bitterns and others are present.

Seen from a boat on the lake this congregation of birds of various colors presents a wonderful spectacle. The island is a loathsome place to land, however, for one must wade in deep slimy mud as one clambers through the thick brush. Water-moccasins and mosquitoes must be reckoned with, and the bellowing of alligators in the reeds is a common sound in the morning and evening. The breeding birds, however, are safe from human intrusion, which is the end desired. If some means could be devised to rid this colony of the fish crows which take the eggs in great numbers, it would indeed be an ideal heronry.

Another colony of unusual interest is Green Island, on the Texas Coast, well down toward the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is the one important breeding place of the reddish egret in the United States. For a number of years this bird was supposed to be extinct as a nesting species in this country. In 1918 while the writer was cruising along the Gulf Coast of the United States studying the feeding habits of the brown pelican, to determine whether this odd-looking creature was inimical to the food-fish supply, nests of the reddish egret were found. A further search two years later resulted in discovering Green Island where at least 5,000 of these rare birds were at the time caring for their eggs or young.

The report of this ornithological find caused much comment in the newspapers of Texas and at the next session of the Legislature of that State a bill was introduced and passed authorizing the National Association of Audubon Societies to lease all the bird islands on the coast of Texas for fifty years without cost. Every summer our warden in charge of Green Island is visited by bird students, who wish the opportunity of studying the habits of this little known species. Various motion picture films have been made of the island and its bird-life and these are today being shown to interested audiences.

"Why do you want to save this class of birds?" I am sometimes asked. "They are of no value, as they do not consume insects, and people cannot eat them, as they may a grouse or duck." I never know how to answer such a question. One might with just as much propriety ask of what good is the wild flower by the river's brim, the afterglow of sunset, the odor of the new-mown hay, or the message of the whispering pines? There are those who delight in such things. So the bird sanctuary idea grows stronger year by year.

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This is a work in which the National Government also is taking part. The United States Department of Agriculture has the care and oversight of about seventy islands, lakes and reservoirs, situated on Government owned land, which by order of the President have been declared bird reservations.

THE Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay is a good example of that third type of areas set aside for the benefit of wild bird life, which might well be called "Sanctuaries for small birds." It is designed chiefly as an experimental station in bird sanctuary management and as a demonstration station where interested persons may, with minimum effort, acquire first-hand knowledge of the simple, effective methods that may be employed to attract birds about the home.

The area is small, only about twelve acres in extent, and surrounds on three sides the little cemetery where Theodore Roosevelt lies buried. Six years ago it was a jungle of trees, vines, bushes and poison ivy, and was traversed by an old rutted wood road. Today with its trails, grassy areas, berry-producing shrubs, carefully arranged thickets, brush piles, nesting boxes and bathing pools, it is a veritable paradise for the more than one hundred and twenty species of small land-birds inhabiting this section of Long Island. It has been surrounded by a high, close-meshed wire fence with an over-hang of several strands of barbed wire, for the purpose of keeping out human intruders, foxes, dogs and cats—especially cats. One of the greatest enemies of small birds is the vagrant cat. On Long Island as well as elsewhere there are thousands of these animals that through neglect or otherwise have gone wild, and their tracks may be seen many miles from any human habitation. Very naturally these neglected creatures desire to live, and birds, especially in the breeding season, constitute a considerable portion of their diet.

SOME time ago a statement was widely published to the effect that one-tenth of all the fruit and vegetable crops raised in the United States is annually lost by the ravages of insects. One of the great checks on insects is the wild bird population. Since the advent of white men in North America many species of birds have very greatly increased. Naturally I refer to those forms which we may group as farmland birds. Man has destroyed many of the birds' natural enemies and his activities also have provided them a vastly greater supply of food. These two conditions tend to increase any form of wild life.

On the other hand, man with his increasing number of succulent crops has produced more nourishment for destructive insects, which means that we need to augment our supply of wild birds.

The growing knowledge of the value of birds as crop protectors, coupled with a widely increasing sentiment on the part of householders to have birds about their homes, is rapidly developing in this country a spirit for general bird protection far beyond that existing in any other large country of the world.

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Confessions of a Fire Fan

By Karl W. Detzer

One of those thousands who cannot resist the call of an alarm and the lure of smoke tries to explain though not, mind you, to apologize

The two officers on traffic duty cleared the way for the hook and ladder truck as it rolled out of the cross street and into the avenue. On the right hand running-board of the great, swaying apparatus, a small, meek eyed, old gentleman with nose glasses on a black cord and a Van Dyke beard was pawing into an official slicker. On his head he wore a leather fire hat several sizes too large.

"Pipe the fireman!" the recruit traffic officer pointed to the beard.

"That ain't a fireman," the veteran corrected, and blew his whistle. Cars poured into the lane through which the truck had run screaming. "He's a nut. A volunteer. Civilians ain't allowed to ride on the apparatus, so he's got himself appointed."

A salvage squad announced itself with a shriek. The officer opened the way and it racketted after the truck.

"That guy you saw is one of them honorary assistant marshals," the officer said. "There's about a thousand of 'em. Don't get any pay, and some night when a wall falls on him, his widder won't get no pension. Just a nut."

Perhaps the police officer is right. The meek old gentleman may be a nut. But the fire department, at least, is too polite to call him that. In New York the boys dub him and his kind "Buffs;" in Chicago, "Fans;" in Boston, "Sparks."

Who are they? Just a band of romantic adventurers who steal away from prosaic jobs to revel for a few hours in the glamorous uncertainty of battle. Architects, surgeons, stock brokers, lawyers, salesmen, laborers, teachers, priests. . . .

It is difficult for a man to enumerate his reasons for being a fire fan to skeptical, sober-minded friends. They persist in looking on him as slightly demented and a bad, bad insurance risk. Wives are particularly obtuse. One of the hardest jobs a fan undertakes is to explain to his wife why it was necessary for him to frost his fingers and to return home six hours late with two inches of ice on his best overcoat.

She tells him that it wasn't *his* fire. The building belonged to Smith, who is rich — at least rich enough to own two overcoats. There were men

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paid to put out the fire. And besides, it was a waste of time! One might have been at home sweeping up the furnace room.

There are other reproaches, of course. And it *is* hard to get the overcoat clean. In fact, it never looks quite the same again. Spots of rusty water that have washed down the dirt of ages from between the rafters before dripping on a crazy man's back, aren't the easiest stains in the world to remove from wool fabric.

Other scoffers, not one's wife, contend that the fan is a pyromaniac. Firemen know better. For the engine house boys look upon the fan as their best friend, just as they view the fire bug as their worst enemy.

For sake of argument let us admit that both the bug and the fan are eccentrics. But the bug likes to start fire. The fan likes to stop it. They are at opposite poles.

Of course there is something primitive in the fire fan. He thrives on the roar of battle, the great odds, the robustious heroism of firemen, the shrewd tactics of hose companies, the generalship of departmental chiefs. He loves to be an actor in a mighty fight, to stand shoulder to rubber-covered shoulder with howling pipemen, to take his dose of smoke with a daring rescue crew, to accept the challenge of flame and to battle it to the death. Next day, and the day after, he may drudge at a humdrum desk.

When a hundred thousand sane and normal citizens sit in the rain cheering the muddy efforts of twenty-two men with an inflated ball, when a hundred thousand others crowd a wooden arena to watch a pair of financiers exchange punches and go into clinches, and another hundred thousand grow incoherent begging a fat athlete to hit the old pill on the nose . . . that's sport. But when another group of citizens goes in for a game that makes football look like ping-pong, a game that takes every fiber of nerve, every ounce of strength, a game that requires the shrewdest strategy and the staunchest heart, a game in which the stakes are millions of dollars and hundreds of lives . . . that's eccentricity.

Well, the fire fan is willing to be listed among the eccentrics, as long as you let him sit around the engine house awaiting the call to duty, as long as you let him keep his helmet and badge and roll out to battle with the boys.

The critical, workaday public forgets that there were fans before there were departments. No doubt while Nero fiddled there was a stout company of Roman volunteers in dripping togas, standing up to their waists in the Tiber, filling buckets for the imperial fire brigade. Pliny mentions the fans of ancient Rome. Apollodorus, architect to the Emperor Trajan, describes the Buffs of another day running with implements that resembled bagpipes, each full of water. Hero of Alexandria refers to "the siphons in conflagrations," and the hearty volunteers who manned them. It was a body of fans under General Phil Sheridan who finally ended the Chicago fire more than half a century ago.

New York's Buffs are the lineal descendants of those hearty burghers who rolled themselves in buffalo

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robes and slept over the engine house on winter nights in order to be on hand for emergencies. These elder volunteers were facetiously called "buffaloes" by other burghers, who considered nine pins better sport, and the contraction of the name clings to this day.

In many middle-sized cities in the East, particularly throughout Pennsylvania, volunteers are still the mainstay of the departments. At Harrisburg, capital of the State, a city of eighty-five thousand, property is efficiently protected by three thousand volunteers. The chief of department and his assistant are paid members. Each of the sixteen engine and truck companies has a paid driver, on duty twenty-four hours a day. But the other three thousand members are fans. The Mayor of the city is a lowly hoseman, once the bell rings. Bank presidents shin up ladders. Not only are they volunteers, but they pay for the privilege of fighting fire. It costs each man a dollar a year to belong. And if he's absent from a fire he pays a fine of ten cents.

There are few absentees.

When Big Bill Thompson, king-baiting Mayor of Chicago, was searching for a fire commissioner who, like Cæsar's wife, would be above reproach, he picked a fire fan for the job, a man of such integrity that even the opposition newspapers hadn't the heart to criticize him.

This was Albert W. Goodrich, financier and director of the Goodrich steamship lines. For many years he had been a fan . . . a simple, hearty, hose-lugging fan. He was one of the organizers of the Fire Fans' Club. He not only gave freely of money for departmental activities, but he put on helmet and boots and went out on the job with the rest of the boys whenever there was a tough fire to fight.

It was largely through his efforts, long before he was commissioner, that Chicago responded wholeheartedly to the observation of fire prevention week. He organized business men, he advised department heads, he sponsored prevention demonstrations. Firemen love him.

"Say . . ." they exclaim, "that guy's got a heart. He's our friend. He ain't a politician . . . he's a fire fan."

The Sparks of Boston are organized into several associations. One of these, the Box 52 Club, has fifty-two members, and in addition to hopping the tailboard and rolling to duty whenever there is an opportunity they meet formally once a month. The club has been in existence seventeen years and for twelve years has been a regularly incorporated institution. Every member has a department badge.

A member of this club, writing to a fan in a city half across the continent, explains its methods in part as follows:

"We Sparks are fortunate in hearing of multiple-alarm fires at all times of the day or night. We have contracted with a private watchman service that has an alarm tapper in its office. Each of us is notified of every second alarm fire. I average 180–200 runs a year and can reach the high value district in ten minutes by taxicab."

A hundred and eighty a year! Lucky dog.

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In many cities it is the fans who operate the coffee wagons that trundle out to night alarms (why wouldn't the half-frozen men in the rubber coats love them?) In others the department ambulances are the gift of admiring, envious citizens, and the white-jacketted doctors aboard them, often as not, are receiving no pay for their services. In New York there are honorary department surgeons who keep up their own speed-cars, equipped with sirens and bells, and who install alarm recorders beside their beds in order to bunk out with the same alacrity as hose company recruits.

ADDICTION to fire fighting is difficult to break. Smoke, like hard liquor, gets into a man's blood. How many times have you heard the habitual fire fan swear he's through . . . usually after an engine turns over or a wall falls on a group of his mates? For a week he stays away determinedly from engine houses. In a spirit of martyrdom he throws out the alarm bell that has awakened him to joyous battle many a zero night. He mournfully puts off his helmet and boots. Say what you want, he's through. He has the family to remember . . . what if that wall hadn't missed him? And at his age, one must consider one's heart!

Then, when he least expects it, when his resistance is at its lowest ebb, he looks out of the window to see Engine 91 charging past. He tries not to reason why. But at last he opens the window and sniffs. Ninety-one wouldn't come thus far except on a second alarm. Other sirens, speeding gilt and crimson Loreleis, lure him with their seductive songs. He takes up his hat. He'll just run down to the corner and see where it is. Not get into it . . . perish the thought. Just look it over. Stand behind the lines like any other civilian.

Hours later he crawls back to his desk or his wife, smelling of woodsmoke, wet, winded, his clothes a wreck, his eyebrows singed, his throat sore, his knuckles barked . . . and in his heart a sense of exultation.

"Well, we beat it after all!" he whispers. "It gave us a stiff fight for a while, but we beat it. And wasn't Smoky Joe Martin his grand old self, the way he swung along that cornice? And Engine 31 . . . what a beating they took before they had it stopped! Guess I'll go down to the firehouse tonight and see the boys."

IT need not be his own boys. The fan is never geographically minded. Away from home, he always drops in casually at engine houses in the town where he happens to be. He examines the apparatus, looks over the alarm telegraph, inquires about the platoon system, discusses the merits of engines, argues the advisability of three-inch hose on first lead-off, and the trend toward siamese connections at every two-alarm fire. He's invited to supper by the captain, and if asked once, remains the night, sitting out the watches before the recorder instrument, or going to bed in the bunk room upstairs.

The problems of firemen are rather similar everywhere; the battle has as much tang on the West coast as the East. And firemen are the same everywhere, the same bluff, hard-fisted knights in helmets, loving the fight for its own sake, and loving the fan because he loves them.

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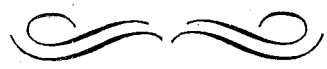
There is something of the same thrill in pulling the hose reel up Main Street in Mount Vernon, Iowa, as there is in riding south on the boulevard with Truck 9 in Chicago; in eating smoke with the seven-man department in Traverse City, Michigan, as in dragging high pressure hose in Lafayette Street, New York.

So the real fan never reforms. Set him down in Greenland, and let an Esquimo in his igloo overturn a whaleoil lamp, and the fan will come charging across the ice with his hat full of snow. When a professional fireman has done his bit, when he has served faithfully a long span of years, he is presented with a watch by the members of his company, hangs up his boots, accepts his pension graciously and goes fishing. Not so the fan. As long as he can totter, as long as his failing ears can pick up the staccato call of the joker alarm, as long as his nostrils can distinguish the haunting aroma of smoke . . . he never retires.

Don't pity the old gentlemen in the beard, struggling into a slicker on the running board of the ladder truck as it rolls along. Pity his wife, instead. And his children. And his grandchildren. They're probably out at the ball game this afternoon and have left him alone an hour or so. And when they get back and find that he's been at it again, they'll be ashamed for him.



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The Sheep Decide

By Marian Hertha Clarke

Will the bob and short skirt vanish? Will bare legs prevail? A student of merchandizing says women are led by their likes rather than by fashion dictators

Who originates woman's fashions? From the number of articles I have read recently there seems to be the greatest interest in that question. Many theories have been advanced, mostly masculine theories, probably presented with Paul Poiret in mind.

Now I ought really to have an inferiority complex from the number of times such dear gentlemen have impatiently flicked my little fingers away from the watch chain of their opinions and repeated patiently to me again and again just what women think and why they think, if at all.

One such recently claimed that fashion was finally decided by the courtesan. This was a new idea for the moralists — an idea that will, no doubt, be frowned upon by Dr. Cadman and the churches when they hear about it. Personally, I am enough of a rebel to like the idea though I don't believe it.

The editor of a fashion magazine held a conference on the subject in the tower of one of New York's greatest buildings. This authority informed its wide-eyed audience that high fashion was decided by a small committee of socially prominent women in Paris. What they sponsored became *au monde*. Let us pigeonhole this delusion for a moment.

Several years ago I had a business conference with a stubborn but friendly old man who had made a fortune in corsets. That was before the days of stylists. With memories of his long dead dowager wife well-encased in whalebone, he insisted upon no change in his line. He called into conference a person who proved to be a ravishing example of what the well-dressed man will wear. With spats and a waxed mustache, this head designer from Paris had, with a stroke of genius, just added another layer of rubber to the whalebone, under the delusion that stout ladies who loved cream puffs could still indulge in this little vice and reduce their outlines at the same time.

Vainly I argued that women would soon rebel and change corset fashions. It was the old case of "father knows best." Finally, they took me

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down from the high-chair of the discussion, set me gently outside the door, patted me on the head and told me to run away and play with my dolls and be a good girl. Then they wrote my advertising agency and asked them to send a man next time.

As it turned out, women did discard corsets with a world gesture and the gentlemen with whalebone models failed dismally. It also came to pass that high fashion had little to do with the decisions of women to go native as far as their corsets were concerned. The secret conclave of ladies from Paris needed physical support for their easy life. They were dismayed to see corsets go overboard. In fact, they lifted lorgnettes and looked the other way, which fooled a lot of department store buyers.

OF COURSE, the war had much to do with the passing of the corset. Women are single-minded creatures. In this case they threw away everything that interfered with their endeavors to help their men win the war. Nevertheless, the psychology of the gesture was the same. The fashion to do without corsets was finally decided by the sheep. Look back over any old file of fashion changes and you'll find that the sheep really decide.

Not long ago a Great Caliph of Marketing told a generous audience of women at $200 an admission ticket just who decided women's fashions and why. His audience was drawn from the retail stores of the country which spend a great deal of time and money trying to find ways and means of changing bait on the fashion hook. The Caliph had sent style scouts out on all New York's busiest corners to count the things women wore outwardly. I fancy the scouts had to guess about what was next to skins you love to touch. From this counting expedition a yardstick was gained to measure Main Street. Strange to relate this information came the nearest to admitting that the sheep decide.

THIS conference released the story of a certain socially prominent woman who docked in New York from a European liner, wearing in the lapel of her trim suit a lovely and very smart imitation gardenia. A style scout saw her subsequently. The newspapers mentioned the gardenia. A few copies of the gardenia appeared cautiously in the stores. The sheep had seen the story. They liked gardenias. The gardenia supply on hand was snapped up like so much green grass. Then manufacturers just filled the store lanes with gardenias and other flowers. The sheep browsed everywhere upon flowers, even up and down the aisles of the ten cent stores. High fashion may have started the style, but no manufacturer is going to take his family abroad on the profits of high fashion. The sheep really decide whether he'll have that little trip or stay at home moaning over his ledgers.

Irene Castle bobbed her hair. The sheep liked Irene Castle and they liked the idea of short hair as freedom added to more freedom. The idea spread like wildfire in dry stubble. Dear, snowy locked old sheep even hurried to come under the shears. In vain men shouted their annoyance and tried to drive the sheep out of their comfortable sunny bar-

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ber chairs. Hair-net manufacturers passed away in their sleep. Plain basement barbers became Specialists in Coiffures overnight. Haircuts became trims and prices soared from fifteen cents to $1.50 plus the tip.

High fashion may start many things as, no doubt, it does, but the sheep finally decide the matter as, for instance, the gardenia and the bob, simply because the wearers liked it, not because anyone decreed it. Ladies of fashion may amuse themselves by letting their hair grow. They may let down the length of their skirts and bring solace to the worried textile manufacturers. But the sheep have got it into their heads that short hair and short skirts are as comfortable as no corsets. They like being shorn of hair and cloth. High fashion doesn't have to patronize this salt lick unless it wishes. The sheep are satisfied and these things will stay. Wait and see!

ANYONE who has ever lived in the country has seen sheep lose sight of the bellwether. Perhaps the flock didn't lose the bellwether but just saw greener grass than the leader did. The bellwether stands meditatively chewing its cud of reflection, wondering whether to go on by itself or follow the crowd. The driver shouts himself hoarse. When the sheep are ready and not before, they fall in line.

I have been a woman a good many years — ever since I was born, in fact — and it has been the observation of my own sex, singly and in numbers, that women do very much as they please.

The funeral of the mid-Victorian gentleman who handled all the money and did all the buying for the family was scantily attended. The dominant male found it far more comfortable and profitable to let women do his buying. And women buy with the light of battle in their eye. They have just one idea in mind as far as I can see — that is their own comfort and well-being. They are sheep-minded about it, too. No matter who sets the fashion, if they don't like it they won't have it. High fashion can spin tops on the sands of Deauville. The sheep have pies to make and homes to keep.

THE radio has helped them form their decisions. A voice drones over the air that society is following the sun, and bathing suits will be without backs; legs and arms will be bare and brown. The sheep are interested. They know the value of the sun better than anyone else. Bathing suits without backs ought to be good fun and a nice healthy tan is sensible too. But they don't think much of this bare leg business except on the beach. Half socks are fine for children but for themselves the sheep shake their heads doubtfully.

Meanwhile stylists tell the stores to push their hosiery sales. Hosiery manufacturers get insomnia listening to the siren voice of the stylist. What will become of them if all women adopt this fad of half hose and new sun tan makeup for the legs? After Prohibition anything can happen, they argue gloomily. They even get out a line of half socks. They read in the newspapers and fashion magazines that "Certain People of Importance at Lido and Palm Beach are already wearing half hose, smart little socks or no socks at all."

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Being mere men and knowing little about sheep, they wait for this fashion shot that shall be heard around the world. They'll wait quite a long time, because the sheep are going to decide. And the sheep are neither courtesans nor high fashion. True, the sheep discarded corsets because the bones stuck into them, they bobbed their hair because they got tired of bending over to pick up hairpins. Besides, bobbed hair saved time and sheep have a lot to do.

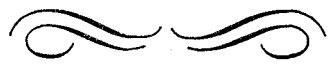
But this bare leg business is a different matter. Sheep know bare legs are not beautiful — neither are bare legs particularly comfortable. Silk stockings have a lovely, luxurious feeling and women like luxury. And what could Poppa bring back from his business trip to Cincinnati if it wasn't for silk stockings! Sheep like silk stockings — lots of them. They don't think much of the youngest ewes who run around in the summer with half socks; but then, ewes must be ewes. Youth must gambol a bit, they tell Poppa tolerantly.

Bare legs are not particularly modest. Now modesty is well fixed in these woolly heads. Short skirts and silk hose are fascinating. Every woman knows the value of fascination. But bare legs — the sheep hold a hurried conference. One sheep has a bad scar on her leg from a childhood fall, others have legs that are too thin, others too fat, and some have no ankles at all. The sheep disperse unitedly.

The radio blares on. Princess Voguinski is broadcasting. She has a beautiful voice, too. Socially she carries a great deal of weight, at least in these fashion talks about the coming craze for half socks and other fads. But the sheep have spun the dials with equal boredom and tuned in on the stock market. They decide. Amalgamated Fillings looks promising. To the chagrin of the operating pool the sheep carry the stock out of sight and thereby upset everybody's apple cart.

Ho, Hum! It's good to be a sheep. You do what you please if the fashion pleases you. When the heavy smoke of conference in high places clears away, the sheep are seen placidly browsing in fashion pastures they like.

I am glad I am a sheep. I lie down with the lions of fashion but I get up and follow the sheep.



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A Tar Heel Looks at Virginia

By Gerald W. Johnson

Looking for descendants of those giants once bred by the Mother of Presidents, a North Carolinian finds a rabble of political dervishes and warlocks

Deploring Virginia and Virginians is as natural to a Tar Heel as breathing. The Mother of Presidents, like many other dowagers, is a bit overwhelming when one comes into close daily contact with her. She takes a great deal for granted, and the neighbors would be more than human if they were not persuaded that she frequently takes too much for granted. Therefore when a North Carolinian deposes and says that it is a great thing to be a Virginian, the Old Dominion has scored by aid of one who is emphatically not the State's witness.

Nevertheless, although my own birthplace is on the right bank of the Dan and my present residence on the left bank of the Potomac — the two points from which Virginia is seen to least advantage — it is my solemn conviction that being a Virginian has a significance not attached to nativity in any other State. I have had occasion of late to make a somewhat detailed study of the manners, characters and habits of certain eminent Virginians of another day; and this study has given me a fresh impression of the reality of the Virginia tradition. The stuff is there. Virginians have no need to inflate their State pride with myths and legends. Sober historical fact about Virginia is mightier than the gaudy fictions which many another State has erected into articles of faith.

It is true that Virginians frequently have insisted on painting the lily. A large proportion of the Cavalier business is ineffable buncombe. The records indicate that the early settlers of Virginia were as sour a set of Bluenoses as can well be imagined. Indeed, the main difference between the Massachusetts Puritans and the Virginia Puritans seems to have been that the Massachusetts Puritans could read and write. Their theologies, their polities, and their villainies, were identical. The earliest records of Virginia, in fact, almost persuade a North Carolinian to accept pridefully the ancient yarn that North Carolina was settled entirely by Virginians who left that State thirty minutes ahead of the sheriff. This would be a strong indication that the first Tar Heels were civi-

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lized men, for no thoroughly civilized man in Virginia could hope to stay out of jail there in the Seventeenth Century.

Nor does the *ante-bellum* Virginia created by the Thomas Nelson Page school of fictioneers rest upon a much more solid basis of fact. As early as 1824 John Randolph of Roanoke remarked that it was "notorious that the profits of slave labor have been, for a long time, on the decrease," and that already, on the average, such labor hardly repaid its expenses. Virginia in 1824 was already a decaying State, economically, and it continued on the down-grade throughout the succeeding thirty-six years. An embittered, bankrupt and terrified society can be regarded as glamorous only through the veil of distance and by aid of the ingenious art of romancers.

But if the Seventeenth Century Cavalier and the Nineteenth Century Grand Seigneur are alike fictitious, nevertheless there remains to Virginians a remarkable body of solid fact. George Washington was not a solar myth, nor Thomas Jefferson a metaphysical abstraction. Not only did these men exist in flesh and blood, but they represented Virginia, they dominated Virginia, in the truest sense they *were* Virginia in their time. There were wide divergences of opinion, leading to bitter antagonisms and lifelong contests among such Virginians as Washington, Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, Patrick Henry, George Mason, "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, Edmund Randolph, John Randolph of Roanoke, and, finally, Henry Clay who, it must be remembered, was a Virginian before he became a Kentuckian. All these men agreed on no policy of government whatsoever, and they differed on religion, wine, horseflesh and women, as well as on politics. Disparate in character, in ability, in temperament, in training and in fortune, they are, superficially, an utterly heterogeneous group; yet all these various elements combined to make being a Virginian significant today.

For they had a common denominator, and it constitutes the Virginia tradition which is the inheritance of modern Virginians. Consider, for example, James Madison, who was one of the foremost authors of the Constitution, George Mason, who criticized it, Thomas Jefferson, who accepted it, and John Marshall, who interpreted it. What common characteristic had these radically divergent personalities? I believe that it comes down, in the final analysis, to a superb intellectual courage. These men not only could think for themselves, but they dared think for themselves. If their intellectual processes carried them away from their friends and neighbors, they were not disturbed. They believed that in his reason lies man's touch of divinity, and that the exercise of his reason cannot be pernicious.

Granted this qualification, do not the other characteristics which we commonly associate with them follow naturally, nay, inevitably? The man who trusts his intellectual powers delights to exercise them. If he happens to be endowed with a bit of æsthetic appreciation, he will develop that, along with the rest, and presently we find him a man

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with an ear for music, an eye for good silver, good furniture, good architecture. In any case, he will appreciate fine minds, the best of which are to be discovered through the medium of books; and presently we find him a man of learning. If he dares think, he is surely likely to respect others who do so; original thinking is not altogether incompatible with fanaticism, but the two are rarely associated. As a general rule, a society including many intellectually courageous men is a tolerant society.

AFTER the debunkers have done their worst, the fact remains that, as the Eighteenth Century merged into the Nineteenth, the best Virginia society had reached a level to which America of the Twentieth Century may well look back with envy. Ideas were tolerated, and with that tolerance of ideas was associated a mellow philosophy which found expression in beautiful living. Existence was far from tranquil. The wilderness was only half subdued. A great war devastated the land, and the families of many of the men we are considering, and some of the men themselves, were forced more than once to become refugees. Poverty was familiar, and pestilence and famine not unknown. Factional strife rent the country, and nowhere was it more bitter than in Virginia.

Yet in the midst of all these distractions great work was done. Jefferson fled from his mountain-top hard pressed by British cavalry; but while the hoofprints of the dragoons' horses were yet fresh upon his lawn, he could return to the summit and at the same time to his contemplation of the great drama of man's incessant search for truth. He conjured up revolution as Faust did Mephistopheles; but, unlike the doctor, when his incantations were effective and the horrible apparition appeared before his eyes, he did not quail, but continued to believe in, and rejoice in, revolution. The courage of his convictions gave him inner peace in the midst of war.

MADISON, in the hectic atmosphere of a post-war generation, with the first half-hearted attempts at reconstruction collapsing in ruin about him, with exploding France just beyond the horizon painting the sky with lurid hues, and half the world convinced that the days of the Apocalypse were at hand and the great dragon unchained, devoted himself to the task of studying the Constitutional needs of the country. His aim was to create a new sort of government, and he had to do the work in a Bedlam of crazy ideas. He had every opportunity, every temptation, to produce a governmental monstrosity; but what he prominently assisted in working out was so strongly buttressed and so cunningly joined that it has withstood the assaults of a hundred and fifty years with hardly a tremor.

John Marshall, flung into office by the last convulsive spasm of a mortally stricken party, with all his friends carried away by a political landslide, walked with his official life in his hands. He knew that implacable enemies were waiting to pounce upon him at the first slip, hoping and praying that he would make just one error. He knew that a dozen of the keenest brains in the

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land, President Jefferson first among them, scrutinized with minute care every line he wrote, every word he uttered, avid of a chance to destroy him. But in this intensely hostile environment he lost sight for not one moment of the ideal government which his mind had created; and steadily, persistently, unfalteringly, he worked to infuse into the Constitution the spirit of that government. A man who can preserve judicial poise under such circumstances is steady almost beyond belief.

It is obvious, therefore, that in spite of wars and rumors of wars, poverty and calamity, the spirit of old Virginia was serene. There were giants in the earth in those days — men who were gigantic because they believed in themselves, they believed in truth, and therefore were not afraid.

To be a Virginian is to be the heir-at-law of this tradition. To be a Virginian is to be committed by heredity to the thesis that justice is based on truth, and that truth is to be discovered only by reasoning from facts. To be a Virginian is to belong to a race that set up and lived by the theory that only through the employment of his intelligence can a man hope to achieve the good life. Is this not significant? Is it not fine? The sourest of the debunkers can hardly say no.

But as for me, I am a North Carolinian, and on the whole I think it more comfortable to admit my origin. Even if I might pass myself off for a Virginian, I think I should not do so. It might lead to embarrassment.

For news has been coming out of Virginia in recent years that does not recall memories of Thomas Jefferson. There have been lynchings in Virginia recently. Just as the lower South seems about to cleanse its blood of this luetic poison, the Old Dominion becomes infected. Too bad!

Then there are numerous minor symptoms indicative of a possible systemic trouble. For example, a year or so ago the glee club of the University of North Carolina in the course of a tour sang for the students at Hampton, a negro school, and had the Hampton students in turn sing for them. Nobody in Tarheelia gave the matter a thought until a perfectly appalling uproar broke loose around Newport News, and the dumbfounded Carolinians found themselves charged with encouraging social equality, stirring up the niggers to revolt, and betraying the sacred principles of the Ku Klux Klan. If Hampton had been in Mississippi, some such reaction might not have been astonishing. But it is in Virginia!

There are also to be considered the sporadic efforts to enact a bill ostensibly aimed at miscegenation, but which apparently would classify the descendants of Pocahontas with the descendants of Booker Washington. And there is the violent objection to the erection of a statue to Christopher Columbus in Richmond, presumably because Columbus was a non-Nordic and a Catholic.

Finally, there is the election of last November, when Virginia voted incidentally Republican, but primarily Protestant by an overwhelming majority.

It was in the Constitutional Con-

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vention of Virginia in 1829 that John Randolph of Roanoke remarked:

"It has been truly said that no countries are so ill-governed as those which are ruled by the counsels of women, except such as have been governed by the counsels of priests."

But Randolph did not refer exclusively to clergymen of the Roman communion when he said priests. He was speaking on a proviso which excluded clerics of any denomination from membership in the legislature. He was against the proviso, but he opposed it solely because he considered it inconceivable that the State of Virginia would ever tolerate the participation of a cleric in politics in any capacity. What Randolph's comment on the condition of affairs in his native Commonwealth at this date would be is beyond imagination.

But lynching, dread of hybridization by the negro, dread of hybridization by the non-Nordic, dread of social revolution, dread of religious heresy, all alike testify to the existence of a tremendous, overpowering dread of ideas. What is the conventional excuse for lynching? Why, to "hold the nigger (or the white man who has violated the communal *mores*) in his place." It never enters the minds of lynchers that a new place for the nigger might ultimately be to the advantage of the white man. In the minds of lynchers, anything new is necessarily bad, and to be put down, if necessary, with the noose and the torch.

The cult of the Nordic is more obviously based on the same fear. The notion that the ideology which he absorbed in his youth, the manners and customs to which he was bred, are possibly not the most perfect of their kind ever devised, is an intolerable notion to your Ku Kluxer, because it might impose upon him the hideous labor of learning a new set of ideas, manners and customs. Fanaticism and obscurantism in religion are usually bottomed on the fear of the clergy that any new idea introduced into religion will menace the vested interest of the clergy — a fear with plenty of basis in experience, for that is precisely what a new religious idea always does.

Of course this fear of ideas has been characteristic of the masses since history began; but the characteristic of Virginia a century ago was her possession of a leadership free from the superstitious terrors of the masses. It may be that eighty per cent of the population in 1829, when Randolph made his remark, were as unable to cope with a really skilful powwow doctor of any school as they are today; but then they were equipped with leaders who dominated their minds more completely than even the thaumaturgists could. It was the enlightened leader, not any unusual enlightenment in the follower, that made Virginia. The basic stock has not altered. Leaders of the same type could achieve the same results in 1929 that they achieved in 1829.

So being a Virginian inevitably means being in some measure responsible for the fact that Virginia no longer towers over the rest of the country. But why pick on Virginia? Does not the hex lie heavily on all the other forty-seven States? Is not the horror of intelligence all too apparent from coast to coast? Is not the whole

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land in great measure governed by the counsels of women and priests, and damnably ill-governed? Why single out Virginia, when her sisters are all, or nearly all, in the same boat?

The reason is simple. Virginia comes in for blame simply because she is Virginia. *In magnis nominibus umbra stat.* I could not possibly govern England, but no man derides me for that. For three centuries, however, Richard Cromwell has been held in derision for his inability to do so. Men found it ludicrous that the son of Oliver Cromwell should be a weakling. They find it no less laughable that Virginians are helpless against a rabble of political soothsayers, dervishes, warlocks and astrologers to which Jefferson or Marshall would have had to address only one monosyllable, to wit, Scat!

Whatever may be our condition in reality, the rest of us are in position to cover up pretty well. Tar Heels, for instance, can make out a fairly plausible argument to support the thesis that we are on the up-grade. For example, we have apparently put a definite end to the sport of lynching negroes. At present, we compel our mobs to confine their practice to Jews and cotton-mill hands. In fact, if memory serves, the last Jew was paid for by twenty-one prison sentences inflicted on his torturers; and the time is plainly not far distant when even cotton-mill hands will be regarded as at least semi-human. In Tarheelia this means progress, for it is not immeasurably below the level of Carolinian culture in 1829. If we lack the glittering ancestry of Virginians, we have some reason for hoping that we are by way of becoming ancestors ourselves.

But being a Virginian in 1929 is like being Richard Cromwell in 1659. It means being compelled incessantly to explain why you don't pack the old man's wallop in either fist; and there are few necessities more painfully embarrassing.

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College—Five Years Later

By Don Gordon

An alumnus who holds that his generation has been missed, despite all the beating of thickets, volunteers some testimony on higher education

The modern college has been minutely bared to the public eye. The microscope has revealed its most cherished flaws. It has been derided, lauded, cajoled, deplored. It has been proclaimed the crusader of the new age, *sans peur et sans reproche;* it has been denounced as the training camp for all the horned evils that harass the current generations. The voices, soothing or indignant, of college presidents, coaches, professors, undergraduates, alumni, have been raised in defense and attack. But there is still one possible and not entirely irrelevant viewpoint that has not yet been offered.

What of the graduate who is not so far removed that his recollections are laden with the sentimentality of the hundred per cent alumnus, nor so recent that the last football yell is still an inspiration in his ears? Neither of these is to be trusted too much. The perfect alumnus is usually a perfect ass, too. Time and even a modicum of prosperity have so diluted his memories that they run together garishly, like the colors of a cheap flag in the rain. The recent fledgling is still too dazed, his brain is still suffused with the final bright phrases of the baccalaureate sermon.

No, it is we who are in between who have a pertinent word to say, a word that is not undeserving of consideration. We, whose sheepskins bear the date of, let us say, five years ago. We who are neither downy nor yet grizzled; neither adolescent nor senile. In short, we who are in the full tide of our buoyant cynicism, sweating at the guns, waist-deep in the muck of dead platitudes. What does college mean to us today? How has it met its promises?

Most of us do not think of college at all any more. It is to us something unreal. All of its manifestations seem to have occurred on another plane from that upon which we now breathe. We have gone either above or below it, as you will, but certainly away from it. Those things which once were the poles of the earth now mark the boundaries of a secluded garden.

When we do look back we sometimes have a curious sense of loss.

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We are like inadequate mariners who have put out to sea in craft too frail. The sight of familiar land would not be unwelcome. We look back. There the lighthouse rises, its worn stones beautiful in sunlight. But when the night comes upon us we look again and we see that there, too, is only darkness. The tower is an architectural miracle — but the light is none the less gone.

As for practical matters we have little complaint to make. Those of us who were not altogether blind realized fairly well that there was to be little or no connection between college training and later earning capacity. We have not been disappointed. But the college itself did not encourage this freedom from illusion. Always its spokesmen inferred that the world waited for us, holding out its rewards for our taking.

It would have been better and more honest had they simply said to us, "We show you this and that. We stir your mind and perhaps your imagination. We give you a peek at the past. This is good for you and it may give you a few hours of intelligent living. But don't expect to turn it into double eagles. College is not the alchemist's stone. It's a little scalpel with which to scratch the surface of your cerebellum."

We would have appreciated that.

It is not because our diplomas do not pass for currency that we object to certain collegiate aspects. We are content to fight as the rest of the world fights and on the same terms. Sometimes there is a momentary psychic wrench as we discover that we begin exactly where everyone else begins. But we get over that. Our objection, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say our regret, is divided into two categories.

Our first vain regret is that, though college gave us many things, it failed signally to correlate them with each other and with the life we have to live. It cut all knowledge into segments and then forgot to put them together again. We beheld a series of unrelated fragments instead of a living force. Today we are busily trying to join that which was sundered for us at a too impressionable period.

Naturally, the division of the world of knowledge into comprehensible parts could not be avoided. But it was not impossible to remind us of the thread of unity, however thin, that runs through it all. This was almost never done. Thus we learned history and put that in one pigeon-hole. We studied economics and gave it a niche. We followed the mysterious windings of diplomatic history and applied another label. Philosophy had its separate cell and ethics was in the next tier, beyond sight and sound.

So it went with everything. We were never informed that history and economics sometimes touched hands, even fused and became one upon occasion. Economics and diplomacy were never revealed in aught save the most hostile attitudes toward one another. Diplomacy and philosophy were apparently not on speaking terms. Literature dwelt in a tower of ivory and ordered life to beat the frog pond at night that it might sleep.

It would certainly take a super-Wellsian to correlate properly all

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branches of knowledge. We do not object because it was not done well; but because it was not attempted at all. It was left for us to do later. We are still trying to do it, still trying to put together the segments so sharply cut.

THERE are some segments missing, too. These are accounted for by the fact that we were not judiciously guided and were too indolent and too ignorant to be our own Virgils. The elective system is well enough in its way; it is only later that we recognize how inadequate we were to wield the two-edged sword.

Take history alone. We were and are inevitably confused. We know something of one nation but we are unable to correlate that knowledge with what we know of the rest of the world. Isolated dates, kings, movements, stand out in our minds like peaks in Darien. But there is no explorer to tell us that beyond lies the sea. Too much specialization that was not specialization at all but the mere introduction to it. And too little correlation. In trying now to do laboriously what might then have been done with comparative ease, we discover ominous gaps, vast spaces filled with only the sharp wind of complication.

In addition to the failure to correlate academic divisions with each other, we regret the failure to correlate them with the life we have to live. This is partly due to the fact that there was never time to reach the age that is our own. We were held so tenaciously to the past that invariably the end of any course found us far from the end of the available material. We were left to stretch our hands across unbridged years.

In English history one might get as far as the Nineteenth Century. Beyond that was silence. We had studied Henry the Eighth and counted his wives too carefully to allow time for more recent developments. In American history we never quite reached the turn of the century. Why did we go at length into the Jay Treaty and ignore Versailles? Did diplomacy cease to have significance after Monroe spoke? We were left to pick up the broken threads from the newspapers and from such desultory reading as we might ourselves do. But we might have had the aid of experts in each field, men who could have taken us above the din and the dust and the smoke and revealed the contemporary human scene in its larger aspects.

And as to economics, Adam Smith is good, solid reading. But one or two things have happened since he wrote. The average course in economics did not seem aware of it.

TRUE, the roots of almost all aspects of modern life lie in the past. But life is not all roots. The blossoms or the thorns are not to be ignored. We needed thorough grounding, of course. But we were left without much else. And we certainly needed a few large and spacious views of the pageant in its entirety.

We should not be unreasonable. Perhaps we demand too much. But many of us are still groping, many of us are lost. Sometimes we think that we would be less confused had we been given a little training in orientation. It may be that those who taught us were themselves lost. It may be

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that they needed their own orientating. If that be true, then we have asked for more than was theirs to give. If it is not true, then we are justified in expressing our candid reaction.

We are sorry, in the second place, because the college spoke to us often in terms too large either for its comprehension or for ours. For four years the undergraduate is surrounded by words, thoughts, attitudes, large and vague as clusters of nebulæ. It is not so much in the classroom as in the larger assemblies, at all public collegiate meetings, at all public functions, that the platitude rules the platform.

All our speakers, from the college president to the last alumnus to return from afar, felt it necessary to conceal themselves behind very large words. I remember a president who never failed to speak, upon every occasion, of "the unseen things." Not once did he elucidate. Week after week, month after month, he belabored it until at each of his appearances we all waited with held breath until the phrase was out. And the elaborations upon it! It was the central figure in all the fancy dress balls his mind created for us. He robed it in velvet, hung it with lace, garnished it with spangles. It turned, pivoted, pranced before our anguished eyes until we longed to throttle it as though it had been a living thing.

Yet the man himself was intelligent, scholarly, wise in his way. I do not know why he chose to speak always of the same phantoms in the same clouded terms. There was so much that he might have given us from the rich hoard of his life. He might have aroused us, angered us, beat us into a froth of disputation with his words. He might have stimulated us immeasurably had he chosen to reveal himself and his thoughts as they were, not as he finally filtered them down to us. As soon as he mounted the rostrum he became, not the shrewd man he really was, but the college president, wrapped in the mantle of departed and outmoded thoughts. Once or twice I met him when he was alone. He was sensible, learned, free from cant. Before us as a group he clung to his desiccated programme.

All other speakers were the same. They always spoke of "more abundant life." Apparently that was as far as their thoughts went. They never interpreted the sounding phrase. They were content to mention it and to leave it sticking in our already surfeited throats. They told us beautifully of "the larger fields of service" that awaited our coming. We heard of "the far flung frontier" where the graduate brethren were performing miracles of devotion to God knows what obscure causes. "High endeavor," "spiritual heritage," "bearers of light in the dark places," these and a hundred other Websterian embellishments made their perorations as gaudy and hideous as a drawing room of the 'Nineties.

It did not matter what the occasion; the ceremony was the same. The opening day address always welcomed the incoming generation in the same large and lavish way. It would have been possible to have given those new people an honest,

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straightforward résumé of what they might expect. The occasion could have been made memorable by reason of its candor. Instead, there were only phrases, more phrases, marching precisely as they had always marched, stiff as the puppets of the Chauve Souris.

For four years the wooden parade went on. Whenever the metallic bugle cried, the wordy ranks automatically formed. For every public occasion there was the appropriate and precedented manœuvre of this refined battalion. At last Commencement day came and, to the accompaniment of the same bedraggled phrases, with the old flags still flying, the tassel on the mortar board was tossed from right to left and the bachelor of this or that was marshaled out in a final illumination of verbal rockets.

Well, it is all history for us now. But it is still being made for the generation that has inherited our privileges. Perhaps it didn't hurt us. But it certainly kept us from something better. If they had only talked to us as man to man! If they had only dropped their polite masks! "They" were, for the most part, not lacking in personality. They had their reactions to life as it is. But from us these things must be reserved.

And so it is that now, five years later, we remember only emptiness where we might have remembered epochs in our mental evolution. We asked, or would have asked had we been articulate, for bread. They gave us Marie Antoinette's answer and tried to nourish us with cake, pink cake with frosting in nice design. No wonder our thoughts today are a little curdled.

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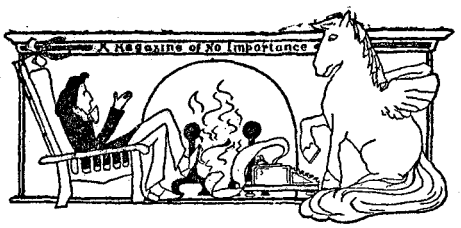

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

AUGUST, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 8

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

It's a poor season that does not see at least one new Book Club promoted, established, and dedicated to the uplift of the unfortunate public, and we feel that it is incumbent upon us to contribute our mite to the accumulating cultural opportunities of our times. In casting around for a bigger and better Book Club idea, we note that all book clubs to date have two serious drawbacks. The first is that you must pay money for their disinterested and public-spirited services. This is a very bad beginning, and has probably discouraged thousands of people from joining them, and made thousands of others wonder why they ever did it. The second is that their victims never know what they are going to get until they get it, and must endure long periods of nervous anxiety from month to month which must be very bad indeed for the arteries. In devising our own Book Club we have managed to avoid both difficulties. The books provided by the S. and N. Book-of-the-Month Club will cost you positively nothing at all, which makes the total cost of membership much lower than that offered by any other club. You pay nothing every month, or payments may be made quarterly or by the year at a discount of ten per cent. To meet the second difficulty, we are publishing at this time the complete list of books to be issued by the club during the coming year, so that if you do not care for them you will know what you can do about it. In order to maintain our unusually low rate of membership, we must insist that you accept no substitutes. In order to make sure of it, we don't even offer any.

Beginning with the current month, we shall publish for our customers the following masterpieces, each an entirely new book and an unquestioned leader in its field.

August, 1929

Summer Catalogue: Montgomery, Ward & Co.

The American scene, portrayed in all its varied elements. Strong sex interest throughout, and a breath of the great outdoors in the sporting section. The style warm and colorful, with a persistently romantic strain. Reminiscent of Zane Grey at his very best.

September, 1929

Government Bulletin, No. 341: How to Build Cement Hog-pens

An effective study in concrete realities, rich in atmosphere and true to life as it is lived in the great bacon belt. Not even Louis Bromfield has ever written anything remotely resembling it.

October, 1929

Burpee's Catalogue of Spring Bulbs

A delicate and poetic piece of imaginative prose. An inspiring vein of optimism runs through its pages; it is the stuff of which dreams are made. Lavishly illustrated.

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NOVEMBER, 1929

Winter Catalogue: Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Another human document from the Middle West, home of Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters and Mrs. Gann. It is impossible to convey more than a suggestion of its wealth of pungent imagery, nor to convey more than a hint of the varied fascination of its pages. Reading for the whole family throughout the long winter evenings.

DECEMBER, 1929

Calendar for 1930

A story of the future, based on sound science. The inclusion of several eclipses and the phases of the moon give it a truly cosmic scale. Recalls the work of H. G. Wells in the days when he considered creation a fairly satisfactory performance. We anticipate that this will be the most widely quoted book of the year.

JANUARY, 1930

Check Book: First National Bank

With the publication of this volume the festive season of Christmas comes definitely to a close. Parents of large families in particular will draw heavily upon its resources, and consider carefully its statements and deductions. A tragic tale, but one familiar to us all.

FEBRUARY, 1930

Dreer's Spring Seed Catalogue

It is indeed a privilege to publish a book of so much optimism and encouragement. Ignoring the neurasthenic pessimism of the modern mode, it revives the suggestion of Candide that we "cultivate our garden." The sections devoted to "rich, sandy loam" are particularly lyrical.

MARCH, 1930

Income Tax Declaration Blank

A mystery story. Anyone discovering the solution before midnight of March 14 will be entitled to a refund.

APRIL, 1930

Railroad Guide to Daylight Saving

A popular presentation of the Einstein Theory, completely revolutionizing all ordinary ideas of time and space. A serious book for serious students, including Pullman porters. Offers some brilliant speculations in regard to baggage and connections by way of Chicago.

MAY, 1930

Bell Telephone Directory

A monumental work of research, a veritable dictionary of biography. The style strongly suggests Ernest Hemingway under the influence of Gertrude Stein and a bad attack of stuttering. Invaluable for propping up the broken leg of the davenport.

JUNE, 1930

The Automobile Blue Book

We include one book of travel, to complete a thoroughly rounded reading course for the year. While not offered as an autobiography this is an approximately authentic narrative, due allowance being made for detours and other circumstances beyond our control.

JULY, 1930

The Congressional Record

An astounding revelation of the inner consciousness of American politics. Full of personalities, anecdotes, and discussions of profound interest. Will create a tremendous sensation, provided anyone reads it. But we don't think anyone will.

Song of the Open Road

Out of the heat of the city street,
Out of its stifling air,
We mount and ride to the countryside,
Where the world is fresh and fair;
To a land of play and of new-mown hay,
To the peaceful, pure abode
    Of the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the road.

The rural scene with its sylvan green
Brings peace to the weary eye;
And the heart is light at the seemly sight
Of the speed signs flashing by.
The road unrolls through the telegraph poles,
And the world is glad and gay,
    With the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the way.

Oh, banish the pain of the greed for gain,
And the city's toil and strife;
And find release in the country's peace,
In the home of the simple life.
And there let us raise our songs of praise,
And join in a festive ode,
    To the hot dog dumps
    And the gasoline pumps,
And the signs by the side of the road.

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Three Gray Hairs

These three gray hairs of mine are honorable scars, but I have not yet grown used to wearing them. They came on me too suddenly, and talk too loud of old age and decrepitude, of rising blood pressure and fallen arches, of decreasing expectation of life and increasing disposition to relate anecdotes. They smote me like a blow when first they loomed out of the accusing mirror, and left me suddenly aged and feeble. From a blithe young thing with a waistline I was suddenly become an old, old man.

I racked my senile brains to discover whence they had come. There is a favorite fable among old folks like myself that gray hairs are symptoms of advancing wisdom, pushed out from within by the intense mental activity of real maturity. But I could find no comfort or conviction in the thought. These three gray hairs sprout from my skull right above the area which science says is headquarters for the ability to spell, and I know that I spell no better in this twilight time of life. I am forced to speculate on other sources of my affliction.

Looking backward — as we grayheads insist on doing — I see that life is a series of hurdles, and some are higher than others. I still recall with what apprehension I watched the approach of a twentieth birthday. Twenty was a terrific age, a conclusive age, an age when everything must be settled and sealed and wrapped up forever. Before twenty a man could be vagrant and fancy free, neither a Republican nor a Democrat, either romanticist or realist, and with heaven or hell as equally distant and indifferent possibilities. After twenty he must find a pigeonhole and crawl into it, and stay there forever and ever.

Perhaps my twentieth birthday gave me this first gray hair. Yet I think not, for when it was gone it was nothing and I was still recognizable to myself and the neighbors. I realized then that the *thirtieth* birthday was the danger point and dividing line, when man reaches the top of the hill and begins to roll down the other side. Having assembled himself and gathered all his strength and resources, he begins at thirty to fall apart again. He is a full generation behind the calendar, and — since the years of a man are three-score and ten — he is nearly half dead. Yet somehow I survived the age of thirty, and if my gray hairs came upon me then, I failed to notice them.

Now I know that nothing much matters until a man is forty. Life has been good so far, but in a short year it will be practically over. I shall be forty and fit for the Old Folks' Home. And in the mean time, I have grown these three gray hairs.

So I am certain that age has nothing to do with them, even though they are prophetic and portentous of old age to come. I shall not be forty until a year from next week, so my head is not white with the burden of years. These three gray hairs must stand for great sorrows, anxieties or trials, or for some soul-searing shock or terrifying experience. I count them over everyone apart — all three of them — and try to put the blame where it belongs.

I have gone through my life with a fine-tooth comb, stirring up thereby a lot of dust which was better left alone, and found two culprits on which to lay the blame. The first is that anxious era when my wife learned to drive a car. She is still learning — or so it seems to me — and I notice also that the hair is definitely grayer today than when I first discovered it. This seems to establish the cause-and-effect relation beyond all doubt or question.

I do not drive a car myself. We own a car, but I will not drive it while there is a taxicab left on earth. I know how to drive a car, just as I know how to fly an airplane and play the violin and make nitro-glycerine, but I have never driven one. The nearest I ever came to it was one lesson, which didn't take. I knew how to do everything needful but could not resist the temptation to do it all at once, and the car practically pulled itself apart in its effort to please. I console myself in my ignorance or ineptitude with the thought that I shall soon be the sole surviving human being who does not know the essential difference between the accelerator and the ditch beside the road. Also I find that so long as I do not drive a car, nobody can ask or compel me to drive it to places where I don't want to go. There are a great many such places, and they can all be readily reached by automobile.

But my wife can drive the car, and does. Often I ride with her, if only to keep up appearances before the neighbors, and my

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first gray hair is on the left side of my head, exactly in line with my agonized interest in the way she does it. I don't say much about it, or else she will dare me to do better, but I think hard and deep and sometimes pray. For one thing she drives by preference on the wrong side of the road, arguing in thoroughly feminine fashion that there is more room there. She neglects her horn at crossings to save the battery, and relies on pedestrians in the way to treat her with as much respectful fear as I do. She notices the bumps in the road after they have gone by, and worries the accelerator as if it were the pedal of an electric sewing machine.

All these, of course, are trifles, and I maintain that she is an excellent driver. She must be, or we would never have survived these slight idiosyncrasies, and we have so far killed no one nor been seriously smitten ourselves. She can even drive the car with the emergency brake on and no more than a thimblefull of gasoline. But nevertheless, when my first gray hair dies it will not be without a monument. Sacred to its memory will be a five-passenger touring car with one bent fender and a deep depression on the footboard of the right front seat, where I have so often pushed my foot down on a brake that isn't there.

The second gray hair is a by-product of the circus. I do not mean the circus which descends annually upon every American city and notably improves the local prospects of the peanut crop. I no longer care for this circus, since even elephants lose their charm after the ninth or tenth pachyderm, and the other beasts of the field and forest are a little too expressive of their personality to give me unalloyed delight. The circus which is crowning my head with snowy locks is the one which my sons and their partners in crime prepare annually for the entertainment of our quiet community.

According to an old Latin proverb, "an angelic boyhood becomes a Satanic old age." If this be true, then I shall not worry about these boys. At the very least they must turn out bishops or philanthropists and end their days in the full odor of sanctity, since all that is angelic is just now farthest from their thoughts. In this conviction I have company. When I meet my neighbor and note his wrinkled brow and haggard eye I have only to say, "Is your boy in the circus, too?" and his whole face lights up with quick and understanding sympathy.

The circus comes round each summer. It includes clowns, athletes and Indians, and sideshows which involve the cat and her kittens, the dog, two turtles and an Italian goat from down by the railroad tracks. There is annual difficulty about the elephant. I have tried to discourage the elephant, but without success; it seems that if there is no elephant, there is *ipso facto* no circus. An infinitude of labor is therefore bestowed upon the elephant; enough to earn and purchase, if directed to more productive enterprise, at least two elephants and a camel.

While the circus is in preparation, no clothes line is safe from tight-rope walkers, no dishes from jugglers, no bed-springs from tumblers and trapeze artists. The lion's savage roar is rehearsed at all hours, and there are constant meetings of the producer and his staff. Whenever a boy is missing from his chores, it is another sign of circus time, and my phone grows hot and weary with the plaints of mothers who think my boy is at the bottom of it all. I wouldn't be surprised if he were.

So the circus accounts for the second gray hair. Concerning the third I am in doubt. But I think it must have burst into bloom at the moment when I discovered the other two.

The S. and N. Alphabetical Education

No. 16. Crossword Puzzling

Crossword puzzling is the only satisfactory form of solitaire yet devised by the fertile brain of man. It is a game in which the imaginary opponent is not the irritating luck and lay of the cards, which are quite enough on occasion to make a man forget that honesty is the best policy even when no one is watching. The pied pattern of black and white squares is a personal challenge to all that is in you of information, imagination, industry and ingenuity. It is an intelligence test whose outcome no one need know but yourself.

If one may believe the publishers of dictionaries, crossword puzzling is also an educational diversion. The persistent puzzler

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learns before long that a period of time is an "era," "age," or "eon," while a printer's measure is an "em" and a printer's calamity is "pi." He discovers the name of at least one river in Switzerland, the abbreviation for Rhode Island, the first name of an Egyptian sun-god, and the chemical symbol for tellurium. He accumulates a private menagerie of the three-toed sloth, the emu, the gnu, the boa, the roc and the asp. He discovers that if you cannot spell a word you may maltreat it as you please and call it Scotch. He learns that "no" is a negative, "in" a preposition, and "are" a part of the verb "to be," without which knowledge a man may hardly be called educated.

Emerson once wrote that "though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius." The puzzler feels the same way about it when he writes a sudden inspiration across a row of empty squares. He swells up visibly and may even cackle a little, like a hen which has laid a triumphant egg which had never been laid before. He feels the thrill of creative genius, and of establishing order and good sense in the very midst of chaos.

After three or four years of persistent puzzling, a man can become so expert that he scorns the pencil and eraser and dashes off his diagrams with a fountain pen. He may even reach the point where he scorns to look over the shoulder of the man in front of him who is working on the same newspaper. At this point, for the good of his soul and the peace of his neighbors, he should take up the making of crossword patterns for others to sweat and suffer over.

To put together a plausible puzzle, with enough expansive words and not too many odds and ends of vocabulary in it, calls for genius and endurance, three dictionaries, and enough good luck to take a man across the ocean in a bathtub with an outboard motor. A man making his first crossword puzzles is all alone in the world. He walks in a trance, while words rattle around continuously in the hollow parts of his head. He is liable to rush off at any moment to paw at a dictionary, and he will chase a spelling variation through three languages and seven centuries. He makes patterns and changes them, he runs into traffic jams and must start all over again, he wrestles with words until he is worn thin and ragged. By three days of heart-breaking labor, during which he has offended all his friends, ruined his digestion and lost his job, he gets a puzzle together and hides it safely behind a smoke-screen of definitions. Then he discovers that any high-school student can solve it without much trouble in fifteen minutes, after which he either commits suicide or leaves the making of puzzles to people who have nothing better to do.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Question: "This is a wonderful age. Now isn't it? So many things happen and people think so much. Now don't they? You have to think quick or it's too late, and somebody else has thought it and then what's the use? Now take for instance this Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who does such a lot of thinking in *The Forum* for April. *The Forum* is another of these high-hat magazines, just like your magazine, only different. Don't you think it is interesting to find out what Dr. Barnes thinks of God?"

Answer: Yes, but wouldn't it be even more interesting to find out what God thinks of Dr. Barnes?

Question: "Who is Joan Lowell and what's the big idea? Didn't she write a book or something?"

Answer: Joan Lowell is practically the granddaughter of Lowell Observatory, on the bias, selvage or distaff side. Of her twenty-four years she has spent seventeen on board a Staten Island ferry boat, four in stock company, and about thirty-two in the more profitable branches of light fiction. She received practically all her education *a posteriori* by way of a rope's end, applied by her devoted father, who thereby kept her sweet and unspoiled until she fell at last into the hands of the Book-of-the-Month Club. What she doesn't know about the sea and seafaring is nobody's business, and she can swim, spit and swear like a Heywood Broun on pay day. Her book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, is a saturated solution of salt water and sex appeal, and has sold over a hundred thousand copies. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

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Our Centre of Gravity

"No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it."

SHAKESPEARE.

There is little that is demonstrably wrong or even indecent about novelty. Some things, in fact, are clearly better when new, as for instance babies and hens' eggs, and there are times and occasions when novelty is the only excuse for an otherwise futile existence. Nor are all old things good things, as witness the blunders of indiscriminate collections of antique furniture. Any charges to be preferred against modernism, whether in Literature, Morals, or the Habits of the Young People, must rest on other objections than the fact that they are new, different or unaccustomed.

Yet there is even less sense in the judgment or lack of it that dismisses the whole of yesterday because it is old-fashioned. The charge is easily made, and flatters the vanity of the present, but the word lacks discrimination. It has an eye only for the calendar, as though worth went by dates and seasons. It confuses rock-bottom realities with the dress they wear, and would like to chuck the compass overboard because the brass is rusted. Particularly it forgets that there is nothing so old-fashioned as the restless appetite for change; nothing so enduring as today's discontent with yesterday's habits.

Human nature is by necessity old-fashioned. It came over in the Mayflower and with William the Conqueror; it walked the streets of Thebes and Babylon and ancient Athens. Professor Breasted has lately turned up proof that the Egyptians of four thousand years ago were worried by political graft and urged each other to "throw the rascals out." The walls of Pompeii are scribbled with screeds urging the election of friends of the people, and pointing to the record in thoroughly modern fashion. The clay tablets of Babylon and Nineveh include laundry bills and shopping lists, and one of the oldest letters in the world is written by a Greek schoolboy who wanted his allowance raised, his spelling being no better than that of Twentieth Century school boys. Caxton had no sooner got his printing press in working order than he published the first advertisement, offering the familiar inducement that his wares were "good and chepe."

Thrown back into the scenes of past centuries, we should all be quickly at home. We should be well satisfied with yesterday's peak of perfection, and properly scornful of the stupidity of the day before yesterday. We should be sitting on top of the world, and everything else would be old-fashioned.

Yet in better sense, that which is old-fashioned was made long ago and has proved itself worth long keeping. It has survived the impatience of countless generations, and endured serenely through many surface changes. These old-fashioned morals and old-fashioned convictions that are the butt of modernism are probably not in such great danger as sometimes seems likely. They have been through it all before. To call them old-fashioned is to pay tribute to their staying power, and promises that they will still be in business when today's fads are forgotten and forsaken.

That which is old-fashioned was made long ago, tested and tried by experience, and delivered from the bondage of the passing mode. It has good chance of outlasting its critics, since it has already outlived so many substitutes. It endures because it is old-fashioned, and not merely out-moded and outworn. The modernist who tries to dismiss it with a phrase is probably talking very much like his great-grandfather and like other great-grandfathers before him. The louder and longer he talks, the more likely he is to be saying nothing of any great importance.

GERMICIDAL

There are six million germs on a single fly,
As it walks up and down on an apple pie;
Smallpox and measles and flu and diphtheria
Travel around with these little bacteria.

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The Japanese Beetle and How to Feed and Care for Him

It may be that you live in Brooklyn or in the wide-open spaces beyond the Mississippi where a beetle more or less is nothing to write to your Congressman about. In this case your interest in the Japanese Beetle will be confined to his charm and interest as a household pet, neither of which is so great as you might suppose. But a good many of us are condemned by circumstances to live in the East, in the immediate company of the Yellow Peril, which in this particular case is not yellow at all but a shiny beetly black with spots on it. We may not live here long if the beetle has his way about it, but in the meantime we are certainly learning a lot about beetles.

It is generally supposed by moralists and Dr. Cadman that there is some good in everything. Yet despite this optimistic generosity, it is difficult to find a full excuse for insects, except that they sometimes eat other insects, which is the sort of argument that must come to an end sometime and still leave a lot of insects unaccounted for. This does not, of course, refer to the bee, which is credited with many admirable qualities, including industry, thrift, good housekeeping, love of children and general attention to business. There is also the ant, whose diligence is commendable, even though somewhat misdirected. But the Japanese Beetle is a horse of another feather.

Experts on insects like to divide them into two types, styles or political parties. There are those that poke their nose into everything, and those others who will swallow anything. If you do not care for insects, you may deal with the first group by means of corrosive acids and solvents, and with the second by means of tasty poisons. For example, a small quantity of nitric acid or paint remover on the back of an aphis will urge him rapidly to repentance, and for those insects that chew their way through life a dose of bootleg gin will usually be effective.

But such remedies will not even interest a Japanese Beetle. The Japanese Beetle has a hide of sheet armor and a stomach lined with corrugated zinc. Ordinary poisons do no more than tickle him, and a dose of dynamite would probably merely make him sneeze. He wears a bullet-proof vest which defies all contact sprays; and if he so much as suspects that you have spread arsenate of lead on your grapevines, he moves right over to your rose bushes. Traps have no effect upon him except to arouse him to derision and mocking laughter, and even though one young beetle succumbs to curiosity and is caught, there are ninety and nine which fly around outside and say, "I told you so." Small boys can be set on his trail with bottles of kerosene, but they are liable to lose interest after the first quart or so, after which it is more trouble to catch the boys than the beetles.

This is serious. Certainly it is serious in our part of the country, where we have to push our way through crowds of beetles in order to pick a raspberry and argue it out with a whole handful of beetles before we can pluck a single peach. If the Japanese Beetle can get into this country despite all the immigration laws and the high cost of living, and eat us out of house and home with impunity, we shall soon be living on canned goods continually instead of merely five days a week. Something must be done about it, or soon there will be nothing to be done about it.

The beetle is an adaptable beast. He is not at all particular, except that he likes the things that we like. He prefers peaches and grapes and young cauliflower, but he will even eat spinach. When he is done with the vegetables, he goes after the flowers and shade trees. Then he starts on the house, and chews off the cornice and the spouting and gutters. If undisturbed, he goes on and on until he arrives at the library and sinks his teeth into the Encyclopedia Britannica, where he dies in heaps.

Since poisons seem to be inadequate and are liable to be bad for the children anyway, the crisis calls for more serious measures. The Government ought to do something. Our tariff laws are supposed to be for the protection of American agriculture as well as for the safeguarding of our infant industries in steel, dry goods and plate glass, and the new schedules should therefore include a tax of not less than fifty per cent *ad valorem* on beetles. If this fails to work, public opinion should be aroused by this means and that, until there is passed a Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution, positively forbidding all beetles. The individual can also contribute his share to the campaign of extermination. He can arrange mass meetings and public lectures for the beetles on

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such subjects as behaviorism, birth-control, psycho-analysis and biochemistry, so that the beetles will either be bored to death or will turn cynical and commit race suicide. A more effective method is to win the confidence of the beetles so that they will come to your call and trust you implicitly. You then read aloud to them from *The Congressional Record*, and when they open their mouths to yawn, you drop in a pinch of Paris Green and let nature take its course.

Government experts report that there is some decrease in the 1929 crop of beetles, which shows that no Government expert has been around my surburban estate for some time. The Government is pinning its faith, such as it is, to the parasite. The parasite is another and smaller beetle with a disposition to trespass and jump claims. He sets up housekeeping in the back of the Japanese Beetle and rapidly depreciates the property. I take this opportunity to announce that any parasites who are house-hunting at the present moment will find some unusually attractive opportunities in my garden, handy to the trains and with all modern improvements. First come will be first served, since there are probably not more than ten million beetles left.

BULLETIN BOARD
of the Heterogenius Club

THE COLUMNIST

If you can master adjectives and adverbs,
  And sprinkle here and there a verb or two;
If you can spatter elongated phrases,
  Elaborate sweet nothings all askew;
If you can make a bit of slang artistic,
  Or even cuss a bit without offense,
And yet can handle hifalutin language
  To make it sound like wholesome common sense;

If you can make a verbal ray of sunshine
  To make one person chuckle, even grin;
If you can find and chronicle a virtue
  From out the news that's teeming so with sin;
If you can make your readers see the rainbow
  Before the storm has really spent its strength;
If you can mix philosophy with humor
  Yet keep your column clean throughout its length;

If you can please the literists and peasants,
  And draw the praise of both, offending none;
If neither fear nor fame can mar your efforts,
  And you can feel your conscience clear when done;
If you can fill the ever gaping column,
  With words of wisdom pleasing to the mob;
Then yours the title and whate'er goes with it
  And what is more you'll prosper on the job.

DUSTIN D. RHODES.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Sweet Innocence

By GAY JORDAN

When Horace and I go out in the evening, it is nothing uncommon for me to be the only woman present who neither smokes nor drinks. I don't do it, just to be different! If the subject of reading comes up, often the books discussed are those which have been allowed only a private printing. If current events are the subject, the talk is about the latest crime, speculations as to the criminal, how clever he was, and where he may be in hiding, much as if he were a famous actor.

All of which, sandwiched in before, after and between the game of bridge, is supposed to be sophistication.

After several evenings of this, it is quite refreshing to take our small daughter Sue, who is five and usually in bed at seven o'clock, to a western movie featuring one of her favorite stars. Why a western for Sue? Because of the beautiful scenes, the trained horses and dogs, the absence of complicated love-affairs, the glamour of bravery-plus-a-kind-heart, and the swift downfall of meanness. If it is a bit over-done to my jaded eyes, at least it is no more over-done than the pseudo-sophistication, and it is real and thrilling to little Sue. But best of all, I like to hear her tell the story of the picture the next evening at the dinner table. Sue knows nothing yet of men in the rôle of lover and sweetheart, and so she says: "And at the end, the lights turn out just as the girl falls into the arms of her daddy!"

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Experiments, Noble and Ignoble

A few of our readers, like those professional lobbyists for morality-by-legislation who nest in Washington, would have us believe that Prohibition is not a problem susceptible of further discussion, but a perfect and permanently crystallized national policy never to be mentioned unless with approval.

Unfortunately, Prohibition crops up daily in the press as still undeniably a problem, growing ever more acute. And because we respect the intelligence of the majority of our readers, we cannot yield to the emotional importunities of a few who would have us close our pages to any opinions that do not coincide with their own.

The North American Review is edited for those who — regardless of their own beliefs — are wise enough to seek out the strength of their adversaries' position. It is edited for the alert and thinking individual who does not choose to coddle a closed mind. It is edited for those to whom the pursuit of the other man's thought is an exciting intellectual adventure.

In this issue, David L. Fultz answers with eloquence a recent article on Prohibition enforcement which raised a storm of comment, favorable and unfavorable. We shall continue to risk such storms and to publish articles on various sides of the problem. For it has not just one side, nor even only two sides, but many.

May we add that we believe America would be infinitely better off without the abuse of liquor? Who does not? It would also be better off without many other things — measles, for instance, and the Mediterranean fruit fly, and several Senators. Yet just as these afflictions remain with us, despite our best efforts, so does the buying and selling of intoxicants and the appalling surge of crime connected therewith.

We believe that the best way to eliminate such afflictions is through intelligent action based upon experiment and untrammeled discussion. And if President Hoover himself considers Prohibition an experiment, is it unpatriotic for other Americans to attempt to appraise the efficacy of the experiment, or to discuss the possibility of alternate experiments for the same noble purpose?

Just at present another national experiment is being prepared by Congress. It, however, is an experiment which nobody conceives to be noble in purpose, and which few believe to have any practical common sense. While the tariff is being rigged, sheer mercenary chicanery prowls the lobbies of Washington, tricked out in the tattered shibboleths of other days.

Persuasively, Governor Christianson of Minnesota argues in this issue that the farmer for whose chief benefit the special session was called, has much to lose and little to gain from the Hawley bill. Apparently the Senate is taking such protests seriously.

It is fortunate for the future that almost everywhere, except among rival claimants for tariff aid, the stupidity of hampering continued expansion of our foreign trade with increased and variable import duties is clearly perceived.

Congressional pottering with the tariff is grotesque because it seeks to apply the economic policies of a former era to conditions now very different. And it is worse than grotesque because the hiking up of tariff duties is not only needless for American prosperity but is provocative of international discord. At the very moment when the statesmen of the world are proclaiming international peace, the politicians in Washington are contriving another cause of international friction.

Before this year is out, Congress will learn that public opinion is not with the politicians on the side of selfish privilege, but is with the statesmen on the side of more evenly shared prosperity, unhampered foreign commerce and good will among nations.

— K. W. P.

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Pioneers for Peace through World Organization

ELIHU ROOT

Whose formula for American adherence to the World Court has brightened the prospects of our open participation in international society

OWEN D. YOUNG

Whose genius as financier and diplomat made possible the settlement of the reparations problem and the establishment of the international bank

Portraits by Underwood & Underwood

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